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VOLUME VI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1873. NUMBER 50.

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3,000,000 Acres in Nebraska, in the Platte Valley, now for sale.

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Made by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and FAMILY FRIEND. A beautiful Chromo of the CHILD PROPHET "SAMUEL," Worth $5.00, is given with the Paper (subscription $3) or with the Magazine (price $2.50). Agents will do well to examine into this offer; it is A GREAT COMBINATION!!

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Full detailed and graphic account of the origin, progress, suffering, losses and incidents of the great conflagration. A rare chance for any live, energetic person wants to know the full particulars of this great disaster. Sent by mail for 50 cents. WILLIAM FLINT, Philadelphia, Pa., and Cincinnati, O.

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WE WANT 10,000 AGENTS,

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WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-AT-Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, Center street. [1-26-1f.]

New Goods.

THE undersigned have received at their Store Room in Loretto a splendid assortment of

DRY GOODS,

such as Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinetts, Tweeds, Jeans, Domestic and White Goods, Prints, Delaines, Chintzes, Alpacas, Oil Cloths, Window Shades and Fixtures, Hosiery, Shirts, Drawers, Furs, Gloves, Ribbons, Shawls, Flannels, Blankets, Fancy Goods, Notions, &c., &c., together with a full and fresh stock of

GROCERIES. HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,

READY-MADE CLOTHING;

Drugs, Oils, Paints, Medicines, Dye-Stuffs, &c., &c., as well as a great variety of other articles needless to mention—all which will be

Sold at the VERY LOWEST FIGURES.

Lumber, shingles, grain and produce of all marketable kinds taken in exchange for goods.

Thankful for past favors, we hope to merit and receive a continuance and increase of the same. P. H. SHIELDS & SON.

Loretto, Nov. 15, 1872.-tf.

Executor's Sale.

WILL be sold at the late residence of Geo. Weakland, deceased, in Carrolltown borough, on **Saturday, Jan. 18th,** inst., at two o'clock, P. M., the following personal property, to wit: 2 Chester White Hogs, 1 Horse Hay Rake, 1 Side Saddle, 1 Coal Cook Stove and Cooking Utensils, Chairs, Bedsteads and Bedding, Bureau, Cupboard, Stand, Clock, queensware, a lot of Cabbage and Potatoes, and a general variety of Room and Kitchen Furniture.

☞ Terms will be made known at the sale.

Also, at the same time and place, will be offered for sale the following real estate, to wit: ONE LOT OF GROUND, having thereon erected a two story PLANK HOUSE containing six rooms and a basement, and a PLANK STABLE; ONE HALF LOT OF GROUND, having thereon erected a one story HOUSE, 16x24 feet; and one other HALF LOT OF GROUND, having thereon erected a TWO STORY PLANK HOUSE containing five rooms.

☞ The above mentioned real estate is situated on Main street, near the centre of Carrolltown borough. Title indisputable.

Terms of Sale of Real Estate—One-third in hand, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the purchaser.

JOHN BUCK, AUG. WALTERS, } Executors.

Carrolltown, Jan. 10, 1873.-2t.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the hotel of Florian Bengele, in the Borough of Loretto, on **Saturday, Jan. 25th, 1873,** at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate of which Jas. McGough died seized: A LOT OF GROUND SITUATED in the township of Allegheny, county of Cambria, adjoining lands of Bernard and Charles Shields, Henry Little, and others, containing 96 ACRES and 120 PERCHES, about 40 Acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a LOG BARN.

TERMS OF SALE—One-half of the purchase money on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year thereafter, to be secured by judgment bond and mortgage of purchaser.

FRANCIS O'FRIEL, Trustee.

Loretto, Dec. 27, 1872.-3t.

Auditor's Notice.

James McDermit, et al. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County—No. 92, Sept. Term, 1869, C. D.

Michael McDermit, et al.

5th December, 1872, on motion of W. H. Sechler, Esq., Geo. W. Oatman, Esq., appointed Auditor to report distribution of the money in the hands of W. H. Sechler, Trustee to sell real estate included in proceedings in partition.

By the Court.

I will attend to the duties of the above appointment at my office in Ebensburg, on *Friday, January 17, 1873,* at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested must attend, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Dec. 27, 1872.-3t.

TRUE TIME for $1. 50,000 SOLD!

Magnetic Time-Keeper, Compass and Indicator. A perfect GEM for the pocket of every *bicycler, trader, boy, farmer,* and for EVERYBODY desiring a *reliable* time-keeper, and also a superior compass. Fine watch size, glass crystal, all in a neat OROIDE case. WARRANTED to denote *correct time* and to keep in order—if fairly used—for two years. *Nothing like it!* This perfect triumph of mechanism will be sent in a neat case, prepaid to any address, for only $1; 6 for $5. Circulars sent free. Try one. Order from the manufacturers, VERMONT NOVELTY WORKS, Brattleboro, Vt. [12-13.-1m.]

PARKE & LEVERGOOD'S MARBLE WORKS

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Dec. 20-3m. PARKE & LEVERGOOD.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from sale of the defendants' real estate, in the case of Michael Weakland vs. F. S. and Libbie George, No. 10, December Term, 1872, Ex. Doc., notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at the office of Oatman & Lake, in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, the 21st day of January,* 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they may present their claims, or be debarred from coming in upon said fund.

J. GALLITZIN LAKE.

Ebensburg, Dec. 27, 1872.-3t.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, in the matter of the Petition of Zachariah Orner to Perpetuate Testimony, No. 43, December Term, 1872. And now, 4th Dec., 1872, Geo. W. Oatman, Esq., appointed Commissioner, &c. By the Court.

I will attend to the duties of my appointment in the above stated case at Capt. Wm. Linton's hotel, in Summitville borough, on *Tuesday, the 28th day of January,* 1873, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when and where all parties interested may attend. GEO. W. OATMAN,

Ebensburg, Deb. 27, 1872.-3t. Commissioner.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of *John C. Blair, Esq.,* Assignee of Jacob Luther, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at the office of Oatman & Lake, in Ebensburg, on *Monday, the 20th day of January,* 1873, at two o'clock, P. M., when and where all persons interested may attend.

J. GALLITZIN LAKE.

Ebensburg, Dec. 27, 1872.-3t.

Estate Notice.

HAVING taken out Letters of Administration on the Estate of PATRICK CARLAND, late of Gallitzin township, Cambria county, deceased, the subscriber hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

THOMAS CARLAND, Administrator.

Altoona, Dec. 13, 1873.-6t.

Estate Notice.

THE undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of M. M. ADAMS, late of Cresson, Cambria co., dec'd, hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JNO. K. SCANLAN, Executor.

Ebensburg, Dec. 20, 1872.-6t.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest or upon time with interest at fair rates.

MAKE YOUR MOTHER HAPPY.

Children, make your mother happy;
Make her sing instead of sigh:
For the mournful hour of parting
May be very, very nigh.

Children, make your mother happy;
Many griefs she has to bear;
And she wearies 'neath her burdens—
Can you not those burdens share?

Children, make your mother happy;
Prompt obedience cheers the heart,
While a wilful disobedience
Pierces like a poisoned dart.

Children, make your mother happy;
On her brow the lines of care
Deepen daily—don't you see them?—
While your own are smooth and fair.

Children, make your mother happy;
For beneath the coffin lid
All too soon her face, so saint like,
Shall forever more be hid.

Bitter tears and self-upbraidings
Cannot bring her back again;
And remorseful memories
Are a legacy of pain.

Oh, begin to-day, dear children,
Listen when your mother speaks;
Render quick and sweet obedience,
For your highest good she seeks.

Loves you better than all others—
For your sake herself denies;
She is patient, prayerful, tender,
Gentle, thoughtful, true, and wise.

Never, while you live, dear children,
Though you search the rounded earth
Will you find a friend more faithful
Than the one who gave you birth.

THE HAUNTED MAN.

In the spring of 1842 I chanced to be in Messina, a seaport of Sicily, and while there I was invited to visit the extensive vintage of D——l & M——zo. Their location was in a pleasant valley some three miles back from the city, and beneath a portion of their grounds was extended a large wine vault, embracing an area of two acres. After accompanying M——zo, the junior partner, through the long vine arbors and orange groves, we descended to the vault, and after passing nearly half the length of one of the pipe tiers we came to a desk where a man was writing.

"There is one of your countrymen," said M——zo, "and he will accompany you through the vaults."

My conductor called to the man, who quickly dropping his pen, stepped down from the stool and came forward. He was employed as clerk in the exporting department, for the purpose of filling up bills, invoices, etc., for the American and English merchants.

"You will find him a strange sort of a man," whispered M——zo, "but he is, notwithsanding, a good fellow."

H——l, for so my companion had called him, was a tall, well-made man, apparently on the better side of forty, and had a pleasing, intelligent look. His hair, which was quite luxurious, was almost white, and about his countenance there were evident marks of suffering. His eyes, when he first gazed on me—which was with a furtive, trembling glance—had an expression ible look of wildness in them, and a cold, fearful shudder seemed to run through his frame. Gradually he grew more composed, and as he showed me around among the pipe-flanked avenues, casting his huge lantern here and there to show me the many and various wines, he began to talk with considerable freedom, though he yet betrayed a strangeness of manner, a sort of flaring of voice and gesture, that could not fail of exciting my curiosity. A casual observer, who might have judged only from his appearance, would have thought him slightly insane; and even I felt a conviction that his mind was not exactly *comme il faut,* or at any rate, not *omme je fus.*"

"Do you reside in New York?" he asked, as we stopped for a moment at the extremity of the vault.

I told him that I did not belong there, though I had spent part of the winter and the spring of 1841 and '42 in that city.

"I have a wife in that State somewhere, and perhaps a child, but I have not heard from them for a long time."

I noticed that he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his linen jacket as he spoke, and he turned away, as though to hide an emotion that might be thought unmanly.

"Does she not write to you?" I asked.

"She knows not where I am."

"Do you not write?"

"Me!" he uttered with a sudden start, a cold tremor shaking his frame the while. "Ah, sir, I dare not trust my superscription, nor my autograph in—"

He hesitated—looked at me wildly for an instant, and then starting on he began to enlarge on the different ages, qualities and vintages of the wine. Twice I tried to bring him back to the subject he had so abruptly left, but it was of no avail. At length we came around to the steps that led up to the surface of terra firma. The sun had already set, and the stars were beginning to sparkle in the blue arch above us. H— remarked that he had no idea it was so late, and added with the happiest smile that I had seen him yet express, that he had supposed it was because he had had such pleasant company, at the same time assuring me that I was the only American with whom he had held a social converse for over a year. As he was about to close the vault for the night, I proposed he should accompany me to my cafe, take supper with me, and then walk with me about the city. It was some time before he would consent to this arrangement, and while he was considering upon it I could see that there was an internal struggle of no small moment. He appeared to me not unlike a man who is debating whether he shall attack a den of rattlesnakes. After a while, however, he consented to go, though there was a marked reluctance in his manner. He extinguished the light in his lantern, gazed up and down the long avenues to see that no spark of fire had accidentally been dropped, and then he followed me to the stone steps, and having secured the doors, he signified that he was at my service. The direct way to my cafe, which was on the broad quay, lay through the heart of the city; but my companion insisted upon taking a more circuitous route, and as he led the way he took me through the narrowest and darkest streets and passages he could find.

"Mr. C——," said he, as we were emerging from one of these dark passages, "there was an American merchantman arrived yesterday from New York, and I know not who may have come in her. It is for this reason that I avoid the public places."

In an instant the idea flashed upon me that my companion was a convict, or at least, a criminal who had been guilty of some heinous crime in his native county, and was consequently afraid of detection. The more I thought of it the more I became convinced that such was the fact, and I could now account for his strange conduct in this fear, and in the gnawings of a guilt burdened conscience. Yet he was a welcome companion for all that, and I felt sure that repentance had been full and ample.

H—— gazed furtively about as we entered the cafe; and, at his request, I ordered supper in a private room. He laughed and chatted freely, and the more I saw of him the more I liked him. After we had finished our meal, we started on our proposed walk. It was nearly 11 o'clock when we thought of returning, and as we were passing the small church of St. Joseph, I noticed that the doors were open, and that in the centre of the church there was a sable bier, around which was burning a number of small wax tapers. I proposed that we should enter and look for a moment at the corpse. H—— made no objection. In one of the confessionals near the door sat an old monk, and very naturally I asked of him who it was that rested upon the bier, not knowing that most of the interments from this church were in behalf of charity.

The monk informed me that it was the body of a man who came on shore from the American ship that came in the day before. He had been very sick and weak when he left the ship, but he was determined to land, and no persuasion of the crew could alter him in his determination. He had reached the quay, but he lived not to cross it. The kind monks of St. Joseph had taken charge of the body.

We slowly, reverently approached the sombre scene. Upon the breast of the deceased were the various articles that had been found in his possession, consisting of an apparently well-filled purse, a pocket-comb, a watch, and a heavy double-barrelled pistol, the latter of which the monk informed us had been loaded with extraordinary charges of powder, balls and buckshot. I gazed upon the face of the dead; even in its sunken, marble-like rigidity, there was a startling expression of intense resolution, as though some fell purpose, which death had not subdued, still dwelt in the hushed bosom. As I still gazed I heard a quick, stifled cry at my side, and on turning I was half-frightened by the expression of my companion's countenance. His eye-balls seemed actually starting from their sockets, his mouth was half-open and fixed his hands, which were extended towards the corpse, trembled like vibrating harpstrings, and his very hair seemed fretful. He moved nearer towards the head of the deceased, looked another moment into that pallid face and sinking down upon his knees, he clasped his hands toward heaven:

"Great God, I thank thee! I thank thee—thanks! thanks!" he ejaculated in frantic tones, and then he arose and looked once more upon the features of the corpse. Then his eyes wandered to the heavy pistol that lay upon the sable pall, and while a cold shudder passed he took me by the arm.

"Come, come," said he, "come with me to your cafe, and I will tell you a strange story."

Without heeding the mute astonishment of the monk, I followed H. My companion's nerves had become somewhat composed, and I could see there was intense satisfaction depicted in every lineament of his countenance.

"Mr. C——" he commenced, "I can tell you my story in a very few words.—Nearly twenty years ago I fell in love with a young girl in the city of New York. On my part the acquaintance soon ripened into love of the warmest and most ardent kind—and it was as pure as it was ardent, and she professed the same feeling toward me. I was then well-to-do in the world, being a clerk in a heavy mercantile house, and ere long it was arranged we should be married. About a week previous to the time set for this ceremony, I accidentally heard my affianced bride use some most obscence and profane language in company with one of her female acquaintances. You can judge of my feelings under these circumstances much better than I can describe them. I turned away sick at heart, and on the very next day received indubitable proofs of the utter infidelity of the object of my affections, and I at once broke off my engagement. Upon being questioned by some of my companions as to the cause of my course, I unguardedly and perhaps foolishly revealed to them the whole secret. The story, as having come from me, got wings, and soon spread among the lady's friends and acquaintances.

A few days afterwards a young man about my own age called into the store and came up to the desk where I was writing. His hands were nervously clasped together and his face was livid with rage. He told me that I had forever blasted the reputation of his sister—that I had faithlessly deserted her and left her broken hearted. I attempted to reason with him, but I might as well have reasoned with a lightning bolt. He demanded instant satisfaction, and proposed that I should accompany him over on the Long Island side and fight him. My natural timidity would have prevented me from complying with such a request, and I had also higher scruples, and of course I refused. Then he called me a base coward, and swore that he would have my life. I complained of him before a justice, he was apprehended, publicly tried, fined and placed under bonds to keep the peace.

After that I met him in Broadway. He stopped me and whispered in my ear. He swore by the most fearful oath a man could take that he would have my life, and that he would hunt me through the world till he had accomplished his purpose. I knew that he meant just what he said, and fear that he meant just what he said, and fear began to take possession of my bosom.—Many times I discovered that he was dogging me about, but I always managed to keep among a crowd as I walked along the streets. I dared not bring him to trial, for I might fail to make out a case, and it could only tend to incense my enemy the more. At length I feared to walk the streets, for one night, as I was passing a dark alley near the head of Cherry street, I heard the report of a pistol close to me, and a bullet passed through my hat. I knew who fired that pistol, but I had no evidence! I felt that my life was not safe in that city, and secretly I moved to a small town in the western part of the State of Massachusetts, where I engaged with a dry goods dealer. Here I took to myself a wife; but I had not been married over a month, when I saw my enemy pass the door of the store and look in. He saw me, and pointed his finger at me. The cold sweat stood in huge drops on my brow, and my fears came back more powerfully than ever. At night I contrived to get my employer to go home with me, and on the way I heard low, stealthy steps behind me. I knew that I was dogged! "You are mine!" I heard a voice pronounce, as I turned into my yard; and as I turned, I saw a dusky figure moving off beneath the shade of the roadside trees. The next day I sent word to my employer that I was sick, and I kept the house all day. I explained all to my wife, and she agreed to go with me wherever I wished. Several times during that day I saw my sworn murderer pass the house and gaze intently upon the windows, but he did not see me.

I got a boy to go to the stable and procure a horse and wagon, and, after dark, to take it round to a back road, nearly a mile from the house. My wife and myself tied up such articles as we could carry, and taking all my money with me, we stole out through the back garden, and gained the cross road in safety. The wagon was there, and having entered it, the boy drove us off at good speed. Just at daylight we reached a tavern where a stage coach was almost ready to start, and the boy returned, having first promised to keep inviolate the secret of my flight. The stage was bound to Lenox, which place we reached before dark. From thence I went to Hudson, crossed the North River and made my way to the western part of New York, where I bought me a small cottage.

In less than a year my enemy found me again, and I saw him standing in front of my house. He looked wild and haggard, but I could see that there was an iron determination upon his features. One night I heard a grating against one of my windows, and at the next moment my dog, a powerful Newfoundland, had sprung from his kennel. I dared not go down, for I knew too well the cause of the disturbance. The noise soon ceased, however, and on the next morning I found my dog lying beneath the window—dead! The villian had been afraid, probably, that the noise might have disturbed the neighbors, and he had for the present desisted from his murderous intent. I made arrangements with my wife to keep the house and taking a small sum of money with me, I fled from my home!

I went to New Orleans, and there my enemy at length followed me! For three years I skulked from place to place, the very embodiment of terror and weakening fear; but go where I would, the man was sure to haunt me. Six different times he fired at me with his pistol, and twice he wounded me. Our two lives seemed to have but one end and aim. His was to take mine, and mine to escape his fell revenge! I became almost a walking skeleton—the falling of a leaf would startle me. At length I got a chance to go to England. I was in London, standing one day at the door of an ale-house, when—O God!—I saw my life-hunter pass. He was as pale and sunken as myself—restless and nervous; but his black eyes gleamed like balls of fire. He did not see me. I hurried down to the Thames, took a lighter as far as Gravesend, and there I was fortunate enough to find a bark bound directly for the Mediterranean. I got a passage in her, and was at length landed in this city, where I have been ever since. I have regained somewhat of my former health and spirits, though that same dread fear has not failed to haunt me.

My enemy must have found me out even here, but thank God, he has passed from the power to harm me more. A hand mightier than his has stricken him down. That was his cold, powerless corpse that we saw to-night in the church. If my wife still lives, I shall see her again.

* * * * * * * * *

H—— did meet his wife again, for I saw them both at the White Mountains when I was last there. It was some time before I could recognize in the portly gentleman who accosted me the poor haunted man I had met in Messina, but when I realized the truth, I grasped him warmly by the hand, received an introduction to his wife, and soon we three were straying along the banks of the beautiful Ammoonoosuc.

WHAT HE KNEW ABOUT THRESHING.—A young man from an Eastern city, who has been visiting rural friends in this vicinity, after seeing a farmer thresh out a "floor of oats the other morning, asked and received permission to swing the flail a few minutes, upon assuring the agriculturist that he was "perfectly familiar with the art of threshing." Expectorating upon his hands, the young man went at the oats, but at the first pass knocked the horn off a new milch cow that was leisurely chewing her cud in a neighboring stall. The second swing caved in the head of the farmer, who thought he was safe enough as long as he roosted on top of the fanning mill in the end of the barn, but without discovering the havoc he was making, the city artist kept at his labors; the third blow fell upon the oats, the fourth killed a setting hen in a manger near by, and the fifth pass of the deadly weapon was the best of all, for it came around the young man boomerang fashion, and taking him under the lower jaw, knocked him down, and thus put a stop to the work of slaughter. The mere fact that the city "thresher" returned to consciousness an hour before the farmer did, allowed the former to get several miles out of town, before his efforts at threshing oats were discovered by the neighbors.—*Titusville Press.*

A ROMAN CANDLE IN CHURCH.—Quite a sensation was created in the Paris Catholic church, says the *Kentuckian,* of that place, while getting ready for High Mass Christmas morning. On Christmas eve a Catholic lady entered Joe Rion's confectionery and called for a Roman candle, having heard of such things, but having no idea that they were in any way connected with pyrotechnics. One of the largest was selected, and the lady left with her purchase, and nothing was thought of it until the lady again entered the confectionary in a high state of excitement, demanding the return of her money, which Joe had to "fork over." It appears the lady wanted a large candle, such as are used about the altar during service, and when it was lit, pop! bang! whizz! went the Roman candle, filling the church with smoke and sparks, until the twelve loads were expended, and causing a great fluttering among those present. It is strongly suspected that some of the little boy assistants knew what it was, but rather than spoil a little sport kept silent. The lady will know what sort of a candle not to call for next time.

WHEN a man becomes a priater he "sets up" in business.

BARNEY McFALL'S BILLET-DOUX.

BY PHELIM O'DOWD.

Dear Biddy, I'm writin' to ask ye the reason
Ye keep me here pinin' an' waitin' so long;
If ye think I'll howld on for another long season
Ye'll foind to yer grief that for wanst ye were wrong.
For full twenty years ye have been on the batther;
No wondher yer charms are beginnin' to fade;
An' unless ye will now put an' ind to the matther,
By Gorra, I'll lave ye to die an old maid!

It's thankful an' proud ye shud be for me offer,
It ain't ivery day ye can have sich a chance;
Of greenbacks an' goold there's enough in my coffer
To furnish a tiniment fit for a prince.
The money I earn wid me broom an' me shovel
Will always supply us wid plenty of grub;
An' as hands disemployed moight be temptin' the divil.
I'll keep yours at work o'er the washboord an' tub.

Believe me, dear Biddy, ye're quite too consated
For one that belongs to so humble a rank;
I know ye have charms, but there much overrated—
The best charm to have is a pile in the bank.
Had ye money at inthrust or owned a nate shanty,
Wid goats on the common or pigs in the stye,
Ye moight cock up yer nose an' be sauey an' jaunty,
An' no one would blame ye for dhressin' so high.

But, Biddy, agra, sure ye haven't a ha-porth,
Except the extravagant clothes that ye wear;
An' it's time ye'd give up all yer airs an' yer capers,
An' lave thim to those that have money to spare.
I'm dhreadfully tased wid yer vain affectation,
An', Bid, if ye're wise ye will lay it aside,
Or there isn't a sensible man in creation
Will iver be willin' to make ye his bride.

I know ye can simper, an' polka, an' gallop,
I know ye can flirt an' I know ye can chat;
But by this time I think ye shud know that a fellow,
Unless he's a fool, will not wed ye for that.
In our day the thing men are after is money,
An', Biddy, your share's so confoundedly small,
That I'm sure ye shud think yerself awfully lucky
To get such a husband as Barney McFall.

I don't mane, dear Biddy, to coax or to flatther,
For I think I'm as good an' as dacent as you;
An' if you reject me it won't make much matther,
The loss' of ons is the gainin' of two.
As long as my purse has the shinplasters in it
I won't be disheartened by any repulse;
An' unless ye consint to accipt me this minute,
By gorra, I'll go and take somebody else!

—*New York Daily News.*

Grandfather's Ghost Story.

BY CLYDE.

It was a cold, wintry evening, and grandfather, mother, Milly, Gracie, and I, had gathered round the grate fire, when Gracie said, in a frightened whisper:

"Mamma, don't you hear somebody whistling at the window?"

"It is nothing, my child, but the wind whistling in the chimney," said mother.

"I thought I heard something, too," said Milly, with a shudder, as she turned to listen. "There, grandpa! don't you hear that tapping on the window-pane?"

"It is only Jack shutting the blinds," said grandfather, drawing his chair closer to the fire.

"There it is, again!" said I, growing frightened, as a loud rapping made the casement rattle.

"Foolish children!" said mother, "why don't you go to the widow and see what it is?"

Very slowly, we girls edged toward the window. I could feel Milly's hand trembling in mine like a frightened bird as, very cautiously, we lifted a little corner of the curtain, and—oh! horror! there was a most hideous *face* staring in at us, with blazing eyes, and wide, gaping mouth, large enough to swallow us down whole.

Our screams brought grandfather and mother to the rescue.—mother telling us not be frightened, that she knew it was some of Jack's tricks; while grandfather threw up the window with a clatter that sent the grinning goblin flying around the house.

The next moment, loud screams from the kitchen-maids called mother down stairs, whence she soon returned, bringing Jack and the ogre-head with her.

We girls were not a little abashed to find it only a pumpkin-shell, with eyes, nose, and mouth cut out and illuminated by a bit of candle, which the rogue had held inside of it.

"Wasn't it funny?" laughed Jack, who enjoyed the joke immensely.

"I don't see anything to laugh about," said Milly, with flushing cheeks.

"I don't either," said I, remembering the dreadful fright.

"It is very wrong of you, Jack," said mother, gravely, "and I ought to punish you severely, for playing such wicked tricks."

"He ought to be punished as I was once," said grandfather.

"How was that?" asked Jack, with great interest.

"Is it a ghost story?" put in Gracie, perching herself on grandfather's knee.

"Yes, it is a ghost story," said grandfather, stroking her bright hair caressingly, and gazing far away into the fire, as he always did whenever he had his "thinking cap" on.

"Yes, daughter, it is a ghost story," he repeated, "and the wind moaning so tonight puts me in mind of it, though it happened forty years ago. I was a great rogue in those days, full of mischief, and tricks, like our Jack here, and loved to frighten the other brothers and sisters, by playing the ghost, on dark summer evenings.—Many a hard scolding and good birching I caught for it, too. But I neither minded the one nor the other until one November night, when I was cured very effectually. It was a cloudy, dismal day, and my father had sent me on an errand to Woodward, a town about ten miles distant. I could easily have returned before night-fall, but, as it chanced, one thing after another hindered me, and before I noticed how late it was, the gloomy clouds had darkened into a gloomier twilight, and night had fully set in when, at last, I started for home.

"I remember hesitating when I reached the first cross-road. The nearest road, which would take me straight home, was a very lonely one, and led by an old churchyard. A very dismal place it was, too; and many strange stories had gone the rounds of the neighboring fire-sides, of winter evenings, about mysterious lights, and ghostly shadows, which had been seen flitting around amongst the tombs, and most of them, rumor said, haunted the grave of a man who had come to his death by some foul play, a hundred years before. In fact, so many of these stories had been told, that no fresh graves were made there any more; from long neglect it had become overgrown with rank weeds and thistles, and in many places the walls had crumbled and fallen away. Now, of course, I never believed any of these idle tales, and had always laughed at them in broad daylight; nevertheless, I had been exceedingly careful about passing there after dark. The night of my story, however, I concluded to take the straight road home, for the wind was bitter cold, and the other road took me four miles out of my way. So I spurred up my faithful horse, Brownie, and was soon galloping over the hills, and down the valleys, through lonesome forests, and past level fields with here and there a silent farm-house, until at last we neared the *haunted* churchyard.

"As I said before, it was a dark night, as dark as a pocket, and I could barely discover the outlines of the low, ruinous walls. All the ghostly stories I had ever heard of the place darted into my mind, and, in the black darkness, I had no power to resist them.

"Drawing the cape of my great-coat over my head, so that I could see neither to the right nor left, I was galloping madly past, when, suddenly, Brownie reared back, nearly throwing me from the saddle. I never shall forget the chill of horror that crept over me as I turned toward the church-yard and saw, what appeared to be—"

"A ghost!" exclaimed Jack.

"What appeared to be," continued grandfather, "a great fire; not a real, blazing, crimson-hearted fire, but a pale yellow sheet of flame, perhaps ten feet high. By the light of the fire I could discern *something white,* slowly moving around it."

"Oh!" sighed Gracie, growing pale, and even mother left her work drop, forgotten, into her lamp.

"To add to my terror, the air suddenly grew full of moanings, and piteous wailings, which would die away into a soft, sobbing sound, and then return louder than ever.

"I spurred Brownie on with all my might, thinking to hurry away from this fearful scene, but it was of no use; the poor animal plunged from side to side, and reared back, but would not stir a step forward. I saw plainly that I could not go past the churchyard that night; to go back to the cross-roads with the north wind in my face was not to be thought of.

"In this strait, it occurred to me that I was very foolish to be afraid of a poor ghost, who was only trying to make himself comfortable this raw November night. Besides, I delighted in adventures, and with chattering teeth, boldly resolved to go in and speak to his ghostship. Jumping down, I fastened Brownie to the nearest tree and then, very slowly, climbed over the church-yard wall.

Summoning up all my courage, I hurried bravely on, keeping my eyes fixed, all the while, upon the phantom, lest it should disappear. Sometimes I would fancy it beckoned to me, and then such mournful voices would sob and moan in all the willow trees as I passed by. My knees trembled, and fairly knocked together as I neared the fire, while the voices grew louder, and louder, until they seemed to scream and shriek with terror. Imagine my feelings, when the ghost, raising his head, uttered a loud, piercing *neigh.*"

"My!" cried Milly, nearly tumbling out of her chair.

"

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - January 17, 1873.

SOME wiseacre has offered an amendment in the Constitutional Convention providing for the removal of the seat of government from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. We had in our simplicity supposed that this was a question peculiarly within the jurisdiction of the Legislature. But this is an age of progress, and perhaps we have been laboring under a delusion.

THE regular annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Editorial Association will be held in Harrisburg, on Wednesday, January 22d, 1873, in the Senate Committee Rooms of the State Capitol, at 11 o'clock, A. M. Editors and publishers of papers throughout the State are invited to be present and connect themselves actively with the organization.

THE Democrati cmembers of the Missouri Legislature held a final caucus last Monday evening for the purpose of nominating a candidate for United States Senator to succeed Gen. Frank Blair. The contest was warm and exciting, there being a large number of candidates before the caucus. On the seventeenth ballot, when the contest had narrowed itself down between Col. Lewis V. Bogy and General Blair, the former was nominated, he receiving 104 votes and Blair 42. Col. Bogy is a gentleman of ability and high political and personal standing in his State.

THE Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, a radical organ, in referring to that portion of the Governor's message in which he recommends a Geological Survey for the purpose of developing the mineral resources of the State, is cruel enough to indulge in the following disparaging allusion to the "bullot-riddled" legs of his Excellency. Coming from the source it does, it is a most unkind cut, and in England would constitute a clear and undoubted case of *scandalum magnatum*, for which a criminal prosecution would be the appropriate remedy:

> Now that a State Geological Survey Corps has been recommended for the purpose of developing the mineral resources of Pennsylvania, it might be proper to suggest that one of the first duties of the Corps should be to ascertain whether the retiring Executive really carries a vein of lead in his lower limbs, and also examine into the area and density of the same, and make due report thereof to the State Historian.

THE evidence thus far elicited by the Committee appointed by the Senate of the United States to investigate the charge against Alexander Caldwell of having procured his election as a Senator from Kansas by bribery and corruption, conclusively shows that money was shamefully used in buying the votes of certain members of the Legislature of that State. It would seem that the average price at which a Kansas legislator held his vote was about $1,000. It is true that there were some who held themselves at a much higher value and who could not be bagged for a sum less than $5,000. These, however, were few and far between, and were honorable (?) exceptions to the general rule. John J. Patterson, of South Carolina, had a very different kind of material to deal with, and from all accounts was not compelled to pay the negro members of the Legislature who voted for him more than an average of $200 each, while a few possessing particular influence over their more ignorant colored brethren could not be seduced for a less sum than $400. The market price of votes in these two radical States shows that the blood of the white man still maintains its supremacy. We trust that Caldwell will be expelled from the Senate, that Patterson will follow him in disgraceful retirement, and that the weeding process will go on even though the radical majority in the Senate should thereby grow "small by degrees and beautifully less."

THE project of admitting Colorado Territory into the Union as a State is again vigorously urged upon Congress. We may be mistaken, but our decided impression is that the Apportionment bill of the last session fixing the number of members to which each State is entitled under the late census, contains a provision that no State shall hereafter be admitted without having the necessary population to entitle it to at least one representative according to the ratio of representation fixed by that bill, which was over 130,000. If such is not the law on every principle of justice it ought to be. According to the census of 1870, Colorado contained a population of 39,864, which is only 3,295 more than the population of Cambria county, the latter having by the same census 36,569 inhabitants. Is it not a monstrous proposition, that Colorado, with a population of less than forty thousand, not *one-third* of the ratio necessary to entitle her to a member of Congress, should, if admitted as a State, exercise the same numerical strength in the Senate of the United States as Pennsylvania with a population of over *three and a half millions*? It is not even true that the people of Colorado are in favor of changing their Territorial into a State government, and if they were, it would afford no reason whatever why Congress should comply with their demand. It is well known that these movements in favor of the formation of State governments out of sparsely populated territories, originate principally with politicians who have personal interests to subserve, some desiring to be Governor, others ambitions to occupy seats in the Senate, and so on through all the avennes of political preferment. The admission of two such pocket Territories as Nebraska and Nevada as States was a sheer outrage, and ought never to be repeated. To permit two Senators from Colorado to exercise the same political power in the highest legislative body in the country as Pennsylvania or New York, would not only be rank injustice but manifestly absurd.

ON the second day of the session of the Legislature, the party that roared itself hoarse during the recent political campaign in favor of retrenchment and reform, passed a bill through the House increasing the salary of the Governor from *five* to *ten* thousand dollars. An amendment was offered and carried fixing the amount at *nine* thousand dollars. A similar effort is being made in Congress to increase the salary of the President from *twenty-five* to *fifty* thousand dollars, but thus far has not met with much favor.

We are not prepared to say that it would not be right and proper to add a reasonable increase to the salary of the Governor, but not to double it. We do not, however, regard the present as an auspicious time to do it. We say this in view of the kind of men whom of late years the people of Pennsylvania have been delighted to honor with their suffrages as Executive of the State. A Governor such as Charles R. Buckalew would make, gifted as he is with superior intellect and possessing all the qualifications for an able and honest discharge of the duties of the position, would be worth infinitely more than ten thousand dollars a year to the tax-payers of the commonwealth. Indeed it would be difficult to place a money value on the services he would render. Geary has been a very high-priced executive at five thousand dollars a year, and Hartranft will be likewise. When the people cease to run after spurious political gods, and when capacity and honesty assert their legitimate sway in the executive department, it will be time enough but not until then, to talk about an increase of salary. The price of the present supply is fully equal to the radical demand.

In the debate in the House on this proposition, that venal and brazen-faced tool of the rings, Sam. Josephs, was pleased to say that "if his side of the House had been successful he would have been one of the first to introduce a measure of this kind." We have no doubt about it, *provided* the prospective recipient of the increase had paid him handsomely for doing so. If Josephs meant by "his side," the Democratic side, he had no right to speak for it, for out of its mouth he has been spewed as politically and personally rotten and utterly unclean. He is now on the side of the radical majority, where all the plunder is, and that location appropriately and naturally becomes him. There let him remain in all his infamy, as the most thoroughly corrupt man that has disgraced the House for the last twelve years.

THE House of Representatives at Harrisburg contains *sixty* radicals. The subordinate officers, including the sergeant-at-arms and his assistants, the door-keeper and his assistants, the messenger and his assistants, the folders and pasters, *et id omne genus*, amount to *thirty-two*, or more than *one-half* the number of radical members. It would be interesting to know what this horde of pure and disinterested patriots really do. The time was, both under Democratic and Republican administrations, when *one-fourth* of the number was found to be amply sufficient. Under the *paternal* system of government, however, which is fast coming into vogue, both in State and national affairs, it has come to be the rule, and not the exception, that every one-horse radical politician believes that he has an indefeasible right to quarter himself on the public treasury.

We do not know the number of these officers in the Senate, but have no doubt they compare favorably in point of numbers with their brethren in the House.—And yet, Maclay, the radical Senator from Clarion, wishes to pile Pelion upon Ossa, and on the second day of the session offered a resolution providing that four radicals, named in the resolution, but who had been left out in the cold in the general distribution of these sinecures, should each be comfortably provided for at the public crib. When useless and unnecessary officers thus literally swarm around the capitol, it ought not to be a matter of surprise that the annual expenses of the Legislature have grown into such enormous dimensions. They will go on increasing as long as the people see fit to entrust the radical party with power in the State.

LOUIS NAPOLEON DEAD!—He who once wrote himself "Napoleon III, by the grace of God and the will of the French people, Emperor of France," died in exile at his residence at Chiselhurst, England, on last Thursday morning, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He was the reputed son of Louis, brother of the great Napoleon, and Hortense, daughter of his Empress, Josephine. Louis was then king of Holland, by grace of his brother, but by no means enjoyed the good graces of his queen, who was reputed to be gay, and the son not to be the offspring of his proper father, who, however, acknowledged him as such by order of the same masterful personage who had placed a crown on his head. The career of "the nephew of his uncle"—the unsuccessful attempts at Strasburg and Bologne to wrest the crown of France from Louis Philippe—his imprisonment in the fortress of Ham—his escape in disguise—his flight to England—his profession of republican principles—his return to France permitted after the Orleanist "citizen king" was deposed and fled—his election to the Presidency of the nation—his violent and perjured overthrow of the republic, and usurpation of the imperial Crown, and the events of his reign and final defeat and surrender to the Prussians are all facts so well known that they scarcely need to be recalled. Singularly enough, this country gave the first impulse to his downfall. He attempted to take advantage of our civil war to form an Empire under French control in Mexico, but the defeat of the rebels and restoration of the power of the Federal Government dealed his scheme—he was compelled to withdraw his forces—his Austrian instrument lost his life, and on Napoleon was cast the blame, while the French people were indignant alike at his foolish scheme and its defeat. From that time he declined, and at last again finding refuge in England—tortured by a painful organic disease, and submitting to a perilous surgical operation, he died in torture of body, dethroned, on alien scil, leaving his once brilliant empress a widow, and a Prince Imperial in his minority, but with no empire to rule, no crown to encircle his brow. Look on this picture of earthly "greatness," and learn its moral.—*York True Democrat.*

ABOUT 1300 people daily ride across the Mississippi river on the ice.

The Governor's Message.

Governor Geary delivered his last annual message to the Legislature on Wednesday week. It is a ponderous document, covering eighty pages of printed matter. After congratulating the country and State upon the triumph of his party in the late elections, he says:

The credit of the State remains unquestioned abroad, because her public faith has been inviolably maintained at home. The following condensed statement of the receipts, expenditures and indebtedness of the Commonwealth is respectfully submitted:

RECEIPTS.

Balance in Treasury Nov. 30, 1871		$1,476,808 59
Ordinary receipts during the fiscal year ending Nov. 30, 1872		7,148,637 45
Total in Treasury during year ending Nov. 30, 1872		$8,625,446 04

DISBURSEMENTS.

Ordinary expenses paid during the year ending Nov. 30, 1872	$2,960,631 55	
Loans, &c., redeemed	2,476,326 00	
Interest on loans paid	1,706,032 88	
Total disbursements		$7,142,990 43
Balance in Treasury Nov. 30, 1872		$1,482,455 61

PUBLIC DEBT.

The public debt on Nov. 30, 1871, was	$28,980,071 73	
Add Chambersb'g Certificates	299,748 91	
Add Agricultural College Land Scrip fund, held in trust	500,000 00	
		$29,779,820 64
Deduct amount paid by Commissioners of the Sinking Fund during the year ending Nov. 30, 1872,	2,476,326 00	
Public Debt Nov. 30, 1872		$27,303,494 64
Deduct assets in Sinking Fund	$9,300,000 00	
And cash balance in the Treasury	1,482,455 61	
Amount of assets and cash		$10,782,455 61
Balance of public debt unprovided for		$16,521,039 03

—which can be extinguished in ten years by the annual payment of $1,900,000.

The rapid reduction of the State debt, and the reduction of taxation, have gone hand in hand throughout my entire administration, and have constituted a marked portion of its policy, attesting, at the same time, the concurrence and wisdom of the Legislature, and the fidelity of those who have been the custodians of the funds.

During the past six years the current of legislation has been steadily in favor of reduced taxation. Not only have numerous local laws been enacted, exempting churches, cemeteries, schools, hospitals, and other institutions from taxation, but many general laws of the same character have been passed.

I would recommend that the enrolment tax upon private acts chartering industrial companies, and the bonus upon stock of such companies when organized under general laws, be considered a full equivalent to the Commonwealth for the privileges of a charter; and that all State taxes upon capital stock, net earnings and dividends of manufacturing, mining and improvement companies, and all co-operative associations be repealed.

The Governor urges the formation of a geological corps to continue the survey of our States. The expense need not exceed $40,000 for the first years and would diminish thereafter.

By an act approved April 12, 1872, establishing a "Bureau of Labor Statistics and of Agriculture," the Governor was authorized to appoint a Commissioner of that department. Accordingly Thomas C. Macdowell, of Dauphin county, was appointed. But the act does not appropriate any money to defray the necessary expenses of the department. This the Governor recommends should be done.

The Legislature has enacted that "a State Treasurer shall be chosen by the qualified electors of the State, at such times and for such term of service as shall be prescribed by law." The adoption of this amendment will be officially proclaimed on the second Tuesday of January, 1873, and will supersede existing laws for the election of State Treasurer.

Inasmuch as no provison seems to have been made by law for filling this office, from the first Monday in May next until an election can be had by the people under the amended constitution, I invite the attention of the Legislature to this condition of the subject.

A careful revision of our fundamental law is imperatively demanded by the highest considerations of public welfare; and it is confidently hoped the action of the Constitutional Convention may be such as to meet the just expectation of enlightened public opinion.

The attention of the Legislature is again invited to the importance of writs of error in criminal cases.

From the report of the Superintendent it appears that the number of children in the State who do not attend school exceeds seventy-five thousand. In Philadelphia, twelve per cent. of the children between the ages of five and fifteen years do not attend school. Of the whole number registered as attendants, forty-six per cent. are absent from the daily sessions. I recommend the adoption of a compulsory system of education.

The Agricultural College has just closed a most prosperous year, the number of students being 150, which exceeds that of any other year since the opening of the institution.

The organization of the National Guard not yet disbanded consists of 15 regiments and 6 battalions: comprising, with unattached bodies, 323 companies, viz: 5 artillery, 8 cavalry and 309 infantry. The aggregate of enlisted men is 13,566.

The Eastern Penitentiary has long been deservedly regarded as the model prison in which the "separate" or "individual treatment" system of imprisonment is applied, and the annual reports of its faithful Board of Inspectors, embracing their observations and investigations, show that they have elevated the subject of crime punishment almost to the dignity of a science.

I earnestly recommend the passage of an act providing for compulsory vaccination, which should have such penalties annexed as would insure its undoubted enforcement.

I also recommend an enactment establishing a State Board of Health.

Should the Legislature concur with me as to the propriety of increasing the compensation of the Executive to $10,000 per annum, I recommend it be done prior to the 20th of January, as on that day the period for which my successor has been elected will begin.

The Governor pays a just tribute to the memory of General Meade, and says: I recommend an appropriation for the erection of a monument to his memory upon the battlefield of Gettysburg.

The applications for pardons during the past year numbered 1,437, about five for every working day in the year. Of these, 69 were granted, less than five per cent. of the number applied for, and averaging about one to each county.

Under the eleventh article of the Constitution, the State is prohibited from subscribing for stocks or lending its credit for any other object than the payment of its own debt, or for the purpose of military defence. But it can and should make such a special donation to the Centennial as would inspire popular confidence.

I would recommend to your honorable bodies to make a sufficient appropriation for the purpose of securing the erection of suitable buildings for holding the exhibition, to be under the control of the National Commission in accordance with the act of Congress.

I would further recommend that your "Committee on Federal Relations" consider the propriety of asking Congress to make an appropriation for such necessary expenses of the National Commissioners as will enable them to work with efficiency.

The Governor closes with thanks to his Cabinet officers, and a compliment to his successor, General Hartranft, who, he says, will faithfully guard the honor and interests of the State.

—Pinchback is said not to be the rightful name of the Acting-Governor of Louisiana. It was given to him when he was boating on the Mississippi river on account of the profusion of bogus jewelry with which he adorned his person.

A Night of Terror.

AN ADVENTURE ON LAKE WINNEBAGO—THE PERILS OF TRAVELING ON ICE.

The following startling story is given us by a gentleman from Clifton, who vouches for its correctness:

Our readers are well aware that for years the wood choppers of Calumet county have, during the winter months, used lake Winnebago as a highway to transport their loads of fuel and produce to this city. A distance of over ten miles of water intervenes, but, in this northern clime, the great expanse is generally frozen over by the 1st of December. Still, great cracks, and fissures will and have sometimes broken open and interrupted in a degree the smoothness of travel. These cracks are, however, seldom over two or three feet wide, and can be easily "scaled" in the day time, if the team and the wagon are stout, and the nerves of the driver are steady; but the greatest danger consists in their liability to spread in a single night, and as suddenly close again.

On Friday, perhaps one of the coldest days of the season, two Germans, named respectively Lutke and Degol, started from Clifton, each with a load of wood destined for the Oshkosh market. The latter was a new comer from the old country, and had but recently settled in the village of the cliffs, and as fate would have it, this was his first trip over the ice.

The two, in company with a dozen others, successfully crossed to our shore, and soon had their loads sold upon the market, after which transaction Lutke and Degol went around the town to see the Elephant. Night drawing on, the former went to the hotel barn, where both teams were lodged, and waited for his companion, whom he had got separated from during the course of the day. Lutke waited and waited in vain, and darkness approaching, hitched up his team and started off, not wishing night to overtake him on the road, as a fearful crack lay about four miles off the Oshkosh shore.

Degol, it seems, had met an old country friend, and spent a longer time waiting than he supposed, for night had approached ere he imagined it time to leave.

Eight o'clock was struck by the town bell when he got fairly underway, but he struck manfully out though almost utterly ignorant of the correct course to pursue.

For nearly an hour he kept his way due east, but suddenly his horses started back with fright, nearly upsetting their driver, who now peered forth in the pitchy darkness, and saw a terrible gap in the ice, yawning directly before. It was, he states, over sixty feet across, and to jump it seemed impossible; so turning his team to the north he endeavored, for two or three miles to find a horrower opening, which however, not seeming to be found, he turned and progressed to the south. Off Black Wolf Point a place about three feet in width was reached, and whipping on the horses, an attempt was made to jump the chasm. For some time they refused to leap, as, snorting with terror, they seemed to wish to fly away from it; but at last they were forced onward and gained foothold on the opposite side in safety.

Degol now breathed free, and kept on his eastward course, seemingly forgetful that his own town was far to the north of the point he was aiming for—Brothertown. He thinks that full an hour and a half passed away when he was again suddenly brought to a stand-still by another fissure, this time wider than before. But the spirit of frenzy seemed to have overcome both driver and team, for the driver goaded his brutes, and the leap for life was made.—Far up in the air they sprang, sled, and all, and came down with a crash on the other side, nearly nine feet away; but the ice broke! and the square piece on which they landed separated from the rest and floated clear out into the chasm. The situation was almost to fearful too comprehend.—The weight of the team and sled submerged the cake for nearly two feet, and it seemed as if that, too, might soon crack and scatter them in all directions; and the horses snorted and screamed with terror, while Degol himself tore his hair and raved like a maniac.

The terrified equines stood like statues, for had they moved an iota they would surely have stepped off, so small the piece on which they floated. The driver, suddenly gaining strength, stood on the top of the wood-rack and leaped for the sound ice, but fell into the water. Grasping the sound floe, however, he succeeded in dragging himself out. The horses, seeing their master safe, seemed suddenly possessed of strength, and leaped also from their cake, but not having any firm footing to start from, they also missed their mark, and, after the most strenuous effort, the heavy iron shod sled dragging them down, they were drowned.

Horrified almost beyond measure, Degol swooned, but, as fate would have it, was soon after found by a party that had been sent out to meet him, but had also been stopped by the crack, and had wandered south to find a narrower opening.

Almost frozen stiff, Degol was carried home, where a high fever attached him, but, with careful nursing, he is now recovering.

A chill of horror comes over him when he tells his tale—the story of a winter's night on Lake Winnebago.—*Oshkosh Times.*

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT—A WHOLE FAMILY KILLED.—One of the most heartrending accidents occurred last Wednesday at Morton's station, on the West Chester & Phila. Railroad, that has ever been our misfortune to relate. Mr. Wm. Carr is a hard-working, industrious man, a builder by occupation, and has been plying his vocation in Phila., going to that city on the morning train and returning to his family in the evening at the station above mentioned.

The family at home consisted of his wife and three children, the oldest about ten years of age. At 10 minutes past 5 o'clock Wednesday evening the neighbors were startled by an explosion and a scene of fire, and upon entering the room it was found to be all in a blaze, the mother and one child dead, and the other two children badly burned, both of whom have since died. The mother it appears had been ironing and had a gasoline lamp setting upon the end of the table. The lamp becoming empty she attempted to fill it from a can. The latter being nearly empty the oil had generated gas, and when the cork was removed the room instantly filled with the gas, which caused the explosion. The clothes she had been ironing and nearly everything in the room was burned. The distressing news was taken to the father by Miller Snare, the conductor on the train that passes Morton at 6 o'clock, and the unhappy father reached the station at 7.30 to find the awful circumstances above related.

With so many accidents happening, we might say daily, from lamp explosions, it is indeed singular that people will be so foolish as to still continue the use of light oils.

—The death of Napoleon is still the absorbing topic of conversation throughout Europe. Dispatches are being received from distinguished persons in all parts of the world expressing the deepest sympathy for the family of the late Emperor. The funeral ceremonies have not yet been decided on, but it is thought the remains will be temporarily placed in the crypt in Canterbury Cathedral, beneath the crown of Thomas a' Becket.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.—AN UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY.—For some time past we have been in possession of the facts of the occurrence of strange and incomprehensible doings—called, commonly, spiritual manifestations—at the house of one of the most respectable families of the county, but have heretofore refrained from giving publicity to the matter from the deep sympathy we feel for the afflicted one and her family, and shall, on this occasion, refuse to give names, but at the same time personally vouch for the truth of the facts we now relate.

The family of which we speak, consisting of some five or six members, all well respected and highly creditable, is of that solid, matter of fact class of people upon whom no idle fears can lay hold and render superstitious, and yet, strange to say, for something like a year past the lives and home of this family have been rendered gloomy and miserable by the almost nightly occurrence of a terrible and incomprehensible mystery. The mystery, witnessed by many of the neighbors, consists in an indescribable and unaccountable noise, as of some one knocking, slapping, scratching and scraping upon the sides, ceiling, floor, windows, &c., of the house, and upon various articles within the room.—The ghost, goblin, spirit or ghoul—call it what you will—seems to have connected itself with a young lady member of the family aged about eighteen years, and who, strange to say, knows nothing of its presence, or of its coming or going. At night, when she seeks repose, and just as her eyelids are closed in slumber, three distinct raps, as a person striking something solid with the finger, may be heard, she seems to be thrown into a trance, or sleep, from which nothing can arouse her, as repeated atttempts have been made to do so, but proved unsuccessful. During the trance or fit, we know not what to call it, her limbs contract, her body writhes and groans escape her lips as though she were undergoing some great bodily pain, and during the trance the rapping continues by loud knocking upon some part of the house and on the furniture, lifting the bed clothes, rattling the bail of the water-bucket, and even upon the water, making a noise similar to a cat lapping water, answering questions, etc., the same as any other well-regulated spirit would; and, stranger still, this mysterious power follows the person of the young lady, even when she passes a night away from home—wherever she sleeps at night there is heard the knocking, which, however, is never heard only when she is in an unconscious state. The young lady, when she awakens, says she has heard nothing of the noise, and has felt no pain, saw nothing in her dream—in fact, had no dream, and complains only of a feeling of weariness and lassitude. In all other respects she seems in perfect health. These manifestations are as mysterious to her as to any one else, and a great source of mortification. A number of the neighbors have spent frequent nights at the house, investigating and endeavoring to ascertain the cause of the mystery, but as yet no satisfactory conclusion has been arrived at. We can obtain the testimony of many of the best citizens in the county to attest the truth of the above facts.—*Benton County (Mo.) Democrat.*

A STRANGE STORY.—There are now in the Iowa State Penitentiary at Fort Madison an aged couple who are serving out a term for the crime of incest, they being brother and sister. The story is this, and is true: At the age of twelve years the male left his father's house in Pennsylvania, we believe, to seek his fortune and no more return. He went West, grew to manhood and married, raised a family of children, and finally his wife died. His sister grew to womanhood, was married, and with her husband went West, and to Iowa. Her husband died, and in time she received an offer of marriage from a man who was a widower. She accepted the offer and they were married. Her husband was wealthy, and after a time one of his sons wished to have the father give him some property, but the father refused to accede to his demands. The son one day, while looking over the family record of the stepmother, which had been laid aside and forgotten, discovered that there was a kinship between the families, and a further investigation proved that his father and stepmother were own brother and sister. To avenge himself for his father's refusal to give him the bulk of his property, he brought suit against them both for incest. They were tried and convicted and sent to the penitentiary for one year. They are both over sixty years of age, and as innocent of intent to commit a crime as the new born babe.

TERRIBLE STORM IN MINNESOTA.—*Several Persons Frozen to Death.*—MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 12.—A St. Paul dispatch says: The great storm of the past week resulted in a good many fatal casualties in this State. It was entirely unprecedented in its severity, and was so blinding that persons perished within a few rods of succor, when they knew in what direction to go. Three brothers, Charles, John and Stephen O'Neil, and Thomas and Michael Holden, each with two horse teams, started for Wilmar with wheat on Tuesday.—They were found on Friday about ten miles out, two of the O'Neils and one of the Holdens frozen to death in the sleigh. The others were alive, but will scarcely survive. Five ox teams in the same vicinity were found frozen to death, and the drivers are supposed to have abandoned them and perished. A man was frozen to death by losing his way while going from the depot to the tank house at Herman station, on the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad. A little boy near New Ulm undertook to go home, but lost his way, and his body was found eight miles distant. A man was found yesterday near St Peter, frozen. A good many other cases will undoubtedly be heard of.

The wind blew the snow so that it was impossible to see a foot in advance, and the storm came so sudden that it caught persons out, and they perished because they were unable to find the way.

GOOD JOKE.—Dr. G. H. Keyser, of Pittsburgh, is a very lean, bony, skeleton-looking man, and has an office on Liberty street. One day when the Doctor was out, a small boy with a basket came in. The office boy, after showing him the odd articles, concluded to frighten the lad, and suddenly opened a closet where a human skeleton was standing, and shaking the dry bones, alarmed the boy so that he ran away, leaving the basket. When the doctor came in he inquired who left the basket. On being told, he reprimanded the office boy and started him out to look for the frightened lad. He soon returned and reported the little fellow on the opposite side of the street, but afraid to come in. The doctor went to the door to induce his little frightened customer to come over, and beckoning him with his long, bony hand, called to him pleasantly. The young urchin cast a suspicious glance at him and answered: "No you don't! I know you if you have got your clothes on!" He mistook the doctor for the skeleton he had been frightened with.

—If matters keep going on as at present, it may be found necessary to order "coffee and pistols" in the lower branch of Congress. The Credit Mobilier and Union Pacific scandals are culminating in a crisis that bodes no good for somebody. Let the Sergeant-at-Arms muster a *posse*.

News and Political Items.

—John Huber, of Miles township, Centre county, recently sold three horses for $925.

—On the morning of the 11th, a slight shock of earthquake was felt at Brunswick, Maine.

—At Maysville, N. Y., Mrs. Otis Cram and three children were killed by the falling of a tree.

—The planing mill of Snyder & Baum, at Freeport, Pennsylvania, was burned on the 11th. Loss $25,000.

—William Craig, colored, convicted of a felonious assault upon an aged lady, was hanged last Friday at Cumberland, Md.

—George Grant, the great dry-goods merchant of London, has bought 100 square miles of land in Iowa for a colony of English settlers.

—The hide of the deceased elephant Romeo has been tanned. It contains 212 square feet of leather, about three-quarters of an inch thick.

—An old woman named Christina Mack, who was recently burned to death in a shanty in La Salle county, Ill., was the survivor of ten husbands.

—A child in Helena, Montana, who swallowed some concentrated lye two years ago, has been kept alive since then only by feeding him through a stomach-pump.

—A man in San Francisco won a wager recently, eating within an hour a fifteen-pound turkey and two loaves of bread, washed down by two quarts of whisky.

—The post-mortem examination of the ex-Emperor Napoleon's remains was concluded on Friday and showed that the immediate cause of death was the failure of action of the heart.

—Dispatches from Bombay announce a terrible earthquake in India, by which fifteen hundred persons in one town are said to have perished. News from the neighboring country is awaited with anxiety.

—A freight train on the Clover Hill Railroad was thrown off by a misplaced switch on the 11th, near Chester station, Virginia, killing two negroes who were stealing a ride on a car loaded with lumber.

—Two sisters, Cassie and Victoria Foster, natives of Hampton, N. S., may well claim the title of "champion light-weights of the world," Cassie, ten years old, weighing twelve pounds, and Victoria, four years old, six pounds.

—A young lady in western New York has just declined an offer of marriage from a wealthy lover whose name is Hussey. It is impossible not to admire the spunk of that woman who refused to be called a Hussey for any man.

—Edwin O. Parish and Mary A. Cook were married on board of an excursion train of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad on Tuesday. The train was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour when the matrimonial lasso was thrown.

—Louis W. Hall, formerly of the Pa. Senate, has been appointed attorney, by Gov. Geary, for the collection of claims against the United States for citizens of Pennsylvania. The claims are what are known as the "border losses."

—A young man named George Miller, at Pleasant Gap, Center county, jumped upon the tumbling shaft of a separator to try it. The machine proved sufficiently energetic to separate a limb from the young man's body, and he has since died from the accident.

—Mrs. Michael Regan, residing on Washington avenue, Albany, on the 7th became the mother of three boys and a girl—one boy dead. About ten months since she had triplets and one year previous she gave birth to twins. Nine children in two years!

—Harry White still holds on as Senator and member of the Constitutional Convention, and will likely gobble a salary from each, as he did the several extra thousand dollars from the Senate last year for serving on committees. He should be made resign either one or the other.

—A couple married at East Lyme last Thanksgiving day had been engaged since 1817. At the conclusion of this protracted and agonizing suspense it was found that the bride had pined away a whole set of front teeth, and the bridegroom been forced to conceal the ravages of time under a wedding wig.

—An employee in a mill at Dalton, Mass., was recently caught by his clothing and carried up to the shafting, head downward. John Meagher, a boy 16 years old, seeing what happened, instantly threw a dipper full of soap on the main belt, which caused it to slip till the gate could be shut and the man's life saved.

—Wife-murder appears to be the prevailing mania. Almost every exchange brings us accounts of horrible tragedies of this character, women being butchered in a manner the fiendishness of which fairly staggers credulity. There appears to be an epidemic abroad, which is doing its fearful work in terrible earnest.

—On Sunday evening a fire broke out on the James Wilson farm, near Petrolia, Pa., which soon spread from the oil well where it originated to others in the vicinity, and to several houses also. The town was in great danger for some time, and considerable loss was experienced in removing goods. A large amount of oil was burned.

—Sad news of the great storm continues to be received from Minnesota. Whole herds of cattle were caught in the storm and frozen to death. A man named Christopher left Glyndon, Minnesota, for home Tuesday night and was found lying under the snow frozen to death. A young man named Berry, of the same neighborhood, shared the same fate.

—About two years ago, Emanuel Winger, a son of John Winger, of West Cain, Chester county, while playing with one of the neighbor's children, was struck in the stomach with a stone, which caused him to bleed profusely; since that time, whenever hurt, he would bleed freely from the mouth. On last Thursday evening the wound opened again and he bled to death.

—One of the flues of a boiler of the upward bound steamer Julia St. Clair collapsed near Eufala, Ala., on the night of the 12th inst., scalding thirteen persons, mostly colored deck hands and firemen. One man died instantly, one was drowned, two were mortally injured, and one unaccounted for. Among the scalded is Engineer Berry, who is also injured in the face.

—Laville, first officer of the wrecked ship Golden Hind, who has just arrived from Rio, says that the vessel was wrecked on the west coast of Patagonia in June last, and fourteen of the crew spent forty-eight days in two open boats in the Straits of Magellan. They were compelled by hunger to devour the bodies of five of their companions who died from privation and exposure.

—Mrs. Lydia Sherman, condemned to life imprisonment in Connecticut for poisoning her husband, has made a confession which is said to be the most thrilling record of crime by one individual known in modern times. She admits that twelve persons died at different times from poison administered by her hands. It was her favorite mode of becoming rid of matrimonial obligations.

—Madison, Conn., has a very industrious old lady—Mrs. Sophrona Graves—who is eighty-three years old, and for the past fifty years has lived alone and supported herself by spinning, weaving, &c., and she has woven over 10,000 yards of carpeting during the last twenty years. She walks a mile and a half to church on pleasant Sundays. The women of the neighborhood who are over eighty years old gave her a surprise party the other day, sixteen being present. The supper was spread upon a table over two hundred years old.

1873. ANNOUNCEMENT.

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(DAILY AND WEEKLY.)

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Established in 1804, it has never ceased to advocate these measures which it deemed to be right and those only will it support. It will continue to advance, protect and defend the principles which it has in the past, and will in the future, as in the past, fearlessly expose corruption and wrong doing, whenever detected and advocate such measures only as are best calculated to bring prosperity to our whole country and happiness and prosperity to our people.

THE WEEKLY POST is a large eight-page paper and is a faithful compendium of the news of each week. In addition to the latest stories, poetry and other literary and miscellaneous matter, it contains the latest cable and other telegrams from all parts of the world, Congressional, Legislative and Constitutional Convention proceedings, full Market reports at home and abroad, Political and General News, &c., &c.

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—LOOK OUT FOR THE X.—This issue of the *Freeman* completes the sixth volume of its existence, and we esteem it the proper time to once more implore the payment of all amounts due us for subscription and otherwise. We notified delinquents nearly a month ago that if they did not make settlement of their respective accounts previous to the close of this volume, we would be forced to attempt the collection of the same by due process of law. Since then we have received not more than fifteen or twenty dollars from persons to whom the notice was given, and in most of these few cases the payment was followed by what newspaper publishers mostly dread from paying subscribers, an order to discontinue the paper to their address. This of course every subscriber has a right to do, and at the risk of receiving many more orders of a like nature, we again notify all in arrears that self-preservation demands the collection of all monies honestly due us, and hence we mark an "X" on papers sent by mail to those whom we wish particularly to notify, so that there can be no mistake as to the persons we mean—all who are behind one year and a half or more on subscription and six months on transient advertising. Let them take heed, for all accounts that can be collected will be collected by law or otherwise, at the expense of defendants, unless where a reasonable excuse for non-payment is given.

As regards the new volume, we have no information for all who do not accept the offer published at the head of this column. If payment is made within one month from this date, or within one month of subscribing, $1.75 will be accepted as payment in full for the year; if an old subscriber brings us the name of a new patron, or two new subscribers come together, we will be accepted for both copies one year; if payment is delayed longer than we indicated, $2 will be charged, except to new subscribers; if delayed more than three months, $2.25, and so on; and on the first day of April next no paper will be sent unless we are perfectly sure of the party to whom it is addressed will pay promptly upon presentation of bill. Cash in advance is the proper way to subscribe for a newspaper, as it saves trouble both with the patron and the publisher, and we sincerely hope that every person on our list will try the experiment for the present year at least.

—A meeting of the friends of temperance and local option will be held at the Presbyterian church this (Friday) evening. Addresses will be delivered by Rev. J. William Edie, Rev. T. R. Jones, and others, and a full attendance of the advocates of the cause is earnestly requested.

—The many friends of Mr James Smith, of Altoona, as well in Cambria, the home of his childhood, as elsewhere, will be glad to learn that the Pa. R. R. Co., which he has served long and faithfully, has promoted him to the position of road foreman of engines on the united lines of New Jersey.

—Whatever apology is due the Altoona *Tribune* for giving it credit for a sensational story published by us a few weeks ago in regard to an alleged drunken engineer, who, it seems, was not drunk at all, but merely unacquainted with that portion of the road, is fully and freely made now and here. We copied the account from the Pittsburg *Dispatch* and gave credit as we found it.

—We acknowledge the receipt of New Year's addresses from the Altoona *Tribune*, Tyrone *Herald*, Newport *News*, and Pittston *Comet*—all of them in pamphlet form and exceedingly creditable to the "print shops" from which they emanated. This is particularly true of the Altoona *Tribune* greeting, which is a model of beauty that does eminent honor to that first class printing establishment.

—Mr. Daniel Little, sr., an old and respected citizen of Chest Springs borough, died very suddenly, on Saturday evening last, of heart disease. Mr. L. had been some what unwell for a few days, but had partaken of a hearty supper and smoked his pipe on the evening in question, and then lay down upon his bed, where he expired soon after without making a sign.—His age was about 70 years.

—M. L. Oatman has branched out more extensively than ever in the flour and feed line, and can promptly furnish the very best of these commodities in large or small quantities, at less rates, he declares, than any man in the business. Mr. Oatman keeps a stock of nearly all kinds of goods which cannot be excelled for excellence or variety, and as he sells strictly for cash, he gives good bargains to all buyers.

—If sympathy is of any value to boss Traugh, of the Hollidaysburg *Standard*, now that the fire fiend has partially destroyed his office and interfered for a short time with the publication of the "gay and incomparable," we are sure he will have enough of that commodity to last him a lifetime. It is a pleasure, however, to know that his loss is fully covered by insurance, and that ere many days one of the best papers published in the State or out of it will reappear in an entire new outfit. So mote it be.

—A man named Vaughn and a woman named Kuhn, both of Altoona, have got themselves into the Hollidaysburg jail on charges of adultery and desertion, preferred by their respective partners in wedlock, simply because they mistook each other for man and wife about a month and a half ago and went all the way to Philadelphia, where they boarded and lodged together until Vaughn's watch, coat and last shirt and nearly all the wearing apparel of his festive companion, who, by the way, took an infant in arms with her, had gone "up the spout" to liquidate their current expenses.

CONFLAGRATION IN HOLLIDAYSBURG—*The Standard Office Badly Damaged.*—About eight o'clock on Saturday evening last fire was discovered issuing from a building owned by John Lovett and occupied by H. L. Bunker as a meat market, Allegheny street, Hollidaysburg. The fire originated on the first floor and soon communicated with the second story of the building, and despite the efforts of the fire department, which had promptly responded to the alarm, the flames soon spread to an adjoining building, owned by James Bingham, occupied on the first floor by Goldman's clothing store and McCoy's grocery store, and on the second floor by the offices of the *Standard* and Dr. R. W. Christy. The roofs of both buildings were burned off, while the building adjoining on the corner, owned by a man named Wolf and occupied by the Postoffice, was also partially burned. Goldman's stock of clothing, McCoy's stock of groceries, and the material in the *Standard* office were greatly damaged by the water. After the flames had been subdued the office of our sprightly cotemporary presented a pretty mess, as might reasonably be expected after a stream from the Phœnix engine was permitted to have full scope therein. The floor was covered with water, almost all the type in the cases and that set up for the paper had been pied, and nearly all the files destroyed.

The *Register* of yesterday gives the losses as follows: Traugh, $800—fully insured; McCoy, $200—insured; Goldman's loss in damaged goods amounted to $500—insured; Bingham's loss, $2,000—fully insured; Wolf's loss, $150—insured; Lovett's building was injured to the amount of $150—not insured. —*Altoona Tribune.*

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Friday last, Mr. Daniel Walton of Salem township, while engaged in making a bearing in Hugus' coal pit, near Salem, a large quantity of horseback fell upon him, crushing one of his legs to a jelly, and injuring him internally, from the effects of which he died in the course of six or eight hours. There was no one in the pit at the time the accident occurred. Mr. Walton extricated himself from the mass of slate which fell upon him, and crawled to the mouth of the pit, where he was assisted to his residence. All along the trail there was a quantity of blood and a few bones of the leg found. He leaves a wife and four small children to mourn his untimely death. He was a kind husband and an affectionate father, and esteemed and respected by all who knew him. The bereaved family have the sympathies of the whole community.—*Greensburg Democrat.*

DR. KEYSER'S GREAT CURE.—The importance of treatment in a vast variety of Chronic diseases, has been the study of this gentleman for a lifetime, covering a period of over forty years of a reputable practice. His practice now is almost incredible to any one except those who are acquinted with his great skill and energy in the treatment of a class of diseases, which, from physicians ordinarily, have received little or no attention. Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure sweeps from the system all morbid matter, and that, too, without weakening or impairing the general health, or in any way hindering the ordinary duties of life. Its potency is really marvelous to any one but the Doctor himself, who examines the lungs with as much accuracy as if he could see the heavings of the lungs.

Office, 197 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa

GAILY THE TROUBADOUR touched his guitar beneath the balcony of his lady-love as he sang the praises of the DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE.

She listened with eager ear, as the ravishing strains filled the evening air with melody; and, on the following morning, repaired to No. 24 Sixth street, Pittsburgh, and ordered one of those perfect machines, which has ever since filled her young heart with gladness, and lightened her domestic labors. She says she would not do without it.

DULL AND SHARP.—When business is dull, as it always is after the holidays, people ought to be sharp enough to take advantage of the disposition to sell at wonderfully low prices now manifested at the well stocked clothing store of Jas. J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, where wearing apparel is being almost given away at present writing. This is a fact which our male friends will do well to consider and act upon.

THE farmer sat in his easy chair, smoking his pipe of clay, while his bale old wife, with busy care, was clearing the dinner away: then all at once the farmer arose, as if with some great thought overjoyed, and straightway to town in a trice he goes and buys lots of goods from Myers & Lloyd, where of course he got the full worth of his money in the very best kind of merchandise at the very lowest prices.

[From the Printers' Circular, Phila.]

Early Printing Days on the Allegheny Mountains.

BY A TYPO.

A recent visit to the scenes of my early life on the summit of the Allegheny Mountains recalled—for they could not fail to awaken—many reminiscences at once sad and pleasing; and as I am an illustration of that old axiom among printers (for there is much truth in it), that the boy who once breathes, practically, the atmosphere of a printing office, is as securely bound to the craft as was ever the victim who drank of the charmed waters of the Nagoochee to the locality in which they flow, and still linger amid the types, I naturally felt most interest in that which pertained to journalistic life.

The little county of Cambria, settled principally by Welchmen, was my home in early years; and to look upon it to-day, still in rugged and undeveloped grandeur, and compare it with what it was forty-eight years ago, when the inhabitants were not inaptly dubbed the "frosty sons of thunder," and when all the surroundings gave but little promise of the developments which have so substantially added to its wealth, I can scarce realize that the same century is still plodding on.

About 1830 the first newspaper was established in Ebensburg—then, as it is now, the county seat—by Dr. Robert Young, a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1837-8; it was edited by the doctor's brother-in-law, Moses Cannan, Esq., a member of the bar. Both gentlemen have long since been deceased. The typographical work was under the direction of Thomas Read, who had learned the "art preservative" in Indiana borough, some twenty miles distant. Apart from the wonder and excitement attendent upon the advent of a printing office, I remember but little in connection with the paper, except that its career was brief. A couple of years later, if, indeed, it was not a revival after a brief interval, *The Sky* was started by two young men who had just graduated from the office of the Blairsville *Record*—John J. Cannan and Wm. B. Brown. Moses Cannan, the father of the elder partner, still continued as editor.

The editions of *The Sky* were worked off on an old-fashioned Ramage, the traditionary balls being used to ink the forms. The office was in the old red church, which served as chapel, school-house, and lecture-hall, from the earliest settlement of the town until about 1839-40, when it was demolished. The motto of this journal had a poetic charm for my youthful mind. It was:

Truth and the right we will maintain,
Unbought by influence and unbribed by gain.

In a year or so Mr. Brown retired, and John Scott became associated in its publication. It was with these gentlemen I commenced my printer's career.

An event of more than usual interest in the typographic line occurred about 1834-5. It was the publication of the first book—a volume of some two hundred pages—that had ever been issued upon the mountain top of the Alleghenies. The work was "The Primitive Ages," translated from the Welch by Rev. John Roberts (Pembroke),* familiarly known as Judge Roberts, as he was Associate Judge of the county, as well as co-pastor of the Independent Welch Church of Ebensburg, if not of the still more ancient town of Beulah, every trace of which has long since been blotted out. The publishers of this book were Griffith Rowland, at that time county jailor, and William Scott. I doubt if a hundred, or even fifty copies can now be found among all the early families of Cambria. The venture, at least, was not a profitable one. In connection with its publication, a bindery became necessary, for there was none nearer than Harrisburg; and a man named Friend, from Lebanon borough, was established in that business for a couple of years. Upon this book, as the leading workman, first made his appearance in that section, James Morgan, the nomadic and erratic, though whole-souled genius, to whom I made brief allusion in a previous article..

This was before the days of railroads, and when the stages of Colder, Wilson & Moore plodded through from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh in nine or ten days—then fast time; and when no less than from fifty to one hundred broad-wheeled wagons, with six-horse Conestoga teams, bedecked with gay housings and tinkling bells, daily passed through the little mountain town. The Portage Railroad, built by the State, between Hollidaysburg and Johnstown, and connecting the quicker routes of passenger and freight transit by canals east and west of the mountains, made Johnstown a more desirable place for business than Ebensburg, and *The Sky* was removed. In was an era in my life to get where passenger cars, of decidedly primitive structure, rattled, with horse-power attachment, over a thirty-six mile road, upon which were ten inclined planes, and to see canal boats merrily glide to the improvised music of the boatman's horn. I remember well the jokes which were perpetrated by neighboring journals at the expense of our little sheet, as, "When the *Sky* falls you may expect to catch larks;" but they were all harmless and unheeded in the more extended area of usefulness opened up to us.

The Sky was served weekly to Ebensburg subscribers by myself for a long time—a ride on freight cars being often either stolen or proffered as far as Palmer's (now Wilmore), and thence carried on foot a distance of six miles Ebensburg was without a paper for a couple of years, when Wm. B. Conway, a noted journalist and brilliant writer, removed his paper from Johnstown to the county seat. Since then, with the exception of one or two brief intervals, neither of these two places have been without a newspaper; and to-day there are in the county five weeklies and one daily, betokening the progress which has been made in business and social as well as political importance. Since the early day of which I speak, *The Sky* has long since been blotted out of the newspaper firmament, and is almost entirely forgotten.

To attempt to follow the mutations and changes in the journalistic history of little Cambria, would be a task I do not feel like entering upon. I have simply and hastily sketched a few recollections and thoughts, without any date to guide me, as they were suggested on a flying trip to these early scenes of my life.

LANCASTER, December, 1872.

*An error both in the Christian name and birth-place of this gentleman, which should be Rev. George Roberts, Montgomeryshire.

†Eight miles at least is the distance from Wilmore to Ebensburg.—ED. FREEMAN.

IF your stove needs a pipe, or your pipe needs a stove; if your gate needs a hinge, or your door needs a latch; if your table needs cutlery, or your wood needs an axe; if your kitchen needs utensils, or your larder needs provisions—if, in fact, you need anything in the way of stoves, hardware, tinware, groceries, and we don't know what all, you will be sure to find them at Geo. Hountley's great house-furnishing depot, where things of this kind are profusely displayed and readily sold at prices moderate enough to satisfy any buyer. Deal there.

THE present winter will occupy a place in history as one of the coldest that has ever been known—so cold indeed that were it not for the elegant and comfortable clothing sold so cheap by Harry Mayer, of the renowned Opera House Clothing Bazaar, Main street, Johnstown, many a man would have suffered severely from the intense frigidity of the weather. Harry is selling off at cost, as he wants to go west, and the man who needs clothing is penny wise and pound foolish if he don't give Harry a call right away.

SUGGESTIVE.—The name of Mills is suggestive of flour, feed and produce, and that E. J. Mills should deal in such commodities is in accordance with the "eternal fitness of things." Mr. Mills does not produce these necessaries of life, however,—he merely sells them, as well as the very best of groceries, at prices as low as any man in the business care sell. The flour sold by Mills is the very best kept in this place.

LOTS of people, ladies as well as gentlemen, trigged themselves from top to toe in elegant wearing apparel bought at Y. S. Barker's clothing store, over the way, during the holidays, but there are plenty of superb goods still left, on Vallie's shelves, and as now is the time for closing out winter stocks, those who have money to invest will find it to their advantage to call as soon as possible.

IF you want an overcoat or any other kind of heavy wearing apparel, now is the time of all times to buy it, and S. J. Hess & Bro's renowned establishment, 241 and 243 Main street, Johnstown, is the place of all places to make the purchase. It will pay you to buy clothing now for next winter, for closing out sales are always in order at this time of year.

Local Correspondence.

SUMMERHILL TWP., Jan. 14, 1873.

Dear Freeman—Father Gallagher bade a final adieu to St. Bartholomew's congregation on Sunday last, having been appointed to take charge of St. John Gaulbert's church, Johnstown. Though pained to lose our beloved pastor, we are rejoiced to know that he has been transferred to a wider field of usefulness. Father Gallagher, during his pastorate here, made wonderful exertions both in a spiritual and temperal way for the advancement of religion. The church edifice, which on his advent here was in a rather dilapidated condicion, he had thoroughly repaired. The value of the improvements made by him on church and pastoral residence cannot be less than $3,500. In addition to this, he purchased and repaired a property designed for the occupancy of Sisters of some one of the various orders, whose duty will be to take charge of the educational and moral training of the youth of the congregation. The value of this purchase, when put in thorough repair, will not fall far short of $5,000. Besides all this, St. Bartholomew's is not only out of debt, but there is a surplus of funds in the treasury. If the Catholics of Johnstown only second the efforts of their new pastor, as they doubtless will, St. John's congregation will ere long occupy a position second to no other in the diocese. Father Gallagher departs hence with the best wishes of all our people for his future success in his missionary labors, for his continued good health, and for his eternal welfare in the great hereafter; and by none are these sentiments more fully indulged in than by your humble correspondent. Father McHugh, who was reared in our midst, and who enjoys the esteem of all who know him, is to be our next pastor, and there is no reason why he should not as the successor of Father Gallagher be as acceptable to our people as any clergyman our beloved Bishop could send us.

Our young friend John Smay, of this township, we are sorry to say, is at present in very delicate health. Hope his ailment is not incurable, for there is no more affable young man than Mr. S. to be found in this bailiwick.

Miss Mary M'Gough, of Portage, is at present dangerously ill at the residence of her brother, 'Squire McGough, of that place. Sorry to hear it. Yours, &c., SOLTERO.

[ORIGINAL.]

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

TO MISS MARY M'DERMITT,

In heartfelt sympathy for the death of a young and only sister.

Would, my dear friend, I could write with the sweetness
Your pen oft has flowed to the sorrowing souls
Of those who, like you, have wept over the fleetness
Of joy, whilst Death's silence some loved one enfolds.

Yet, let me speak to your spirit this morning
Of that other life that has broke ere this
On the wondering, ecstatic gaze of your darling,
Taken from earth to last triumphant bliss.

Let me, for all other words would be meanless,
Speak to your heart of the happy exchange;
Speak of her past, so short and so sinless;
Could we detain her an exile to range?

Blow but a breath on the lily so peerless,
And the white texture is shriveled and torn;
You for your flower shall be henceforth so fearless,
Breathing of sin shall ne'er shadow its bloom.

Safe with her parents in Heaven abiding,
Evvie shall watch for your own coming home;
Silent the years in their course shall keep gliding,
And closer still bring you to her and that *bourne*.

Sweet Hope! May its power enliven your spirit,
And strengthen your soul for the sake of the few
Of the circle remaining, who turn as she ere did
To find in their sorrow a comfort in you.

LORETTO, PA. B. A. T.

A SUBLIME THOUGHT.—Standing alone at the window, I gaze on the crowded street, and as I mark each human biped, and watch their hurrying feet, the thought at once comes to me, how wonderful it is! over and over, that they all are hastening onward to A. J. Coppock's cheap cash store, which is at No. 212 Main st., Johnstown, where, as all the ladies know, or should know, the most elegant dress goods, dry goods, fancy goods, millinery, etc., in Cambria county are kept in richest profusion and sold at the very lowest prices for the ready cash.

WE have told you before, and we tell you again, that Murphy & Meloy, whose store, as you no doubt know, is at the corner of Main and Franklin streets, Johnstown, have fully made up their minds to close out business as soon as possible, and we verily believe that they would be willing to accept almost any price offered them for goods in their line. At least the experiment is worth trying, and we trust our readers will go and see how it is themselves.

HYMENEAL.

KELLY—KIRKE.—Married on Thursday, the 9th inst., at the Church of the Holy Family, in Latrobe, by Rev. Jerome Kearney, Mr. WM. A. KELLY and Miss FANNIE KIRKE, both of Latrobe.

That looks first rate in print, friend Will, and the "two-eyed" grey-back which accompanied the welcome notice looked first-rate in our printing-office, which has not had a full force of hands there, while unfortunately it was for but a very brief "length of period." Well, we felt perfectly sure that the time would come when we would be called upon to congratulate our young friend on just such a happy termination to his bachelor career, for we knew full well that he was "never born to blush unseen and waste his fragrance on the desert air," especially when so captivating a creature as the bride elect had made up her mind to lay siege to the citadel of his heart. Need we do more than wish the newly wedded a long life of unalloyed bliss, and after the cares and turmoils of this life are over may their loving spirits be wafted to that haven of eternal rest where peace and joy abideth forever. The happy husband is one of earth's noblemen, a model of nature's handiwork, physically as well as socially, and among all of Eve's fair daughter's we are sure none could be found more worthy of such a man's earnest love and devotion than she to whom his plighted faith has been pledged. May peace and contentment abide with them always.

WHAT NEXT!—The great JUVENILE MAGAZINE, 20 cts., $1.00 a year, with a splendid Chromo, FREE. Specimen, 3 cts. Raise a club! Say where you saw this. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, Chicago.

NOTICE.

HAVING disposed of my interest in the EBENSBURG CIGAR MANUFACTORY to J. ALEX. MOORE, and having transferred to him all notes and accounts due me, all persons indebted will please make payment to him.

SIMON SULTZBACH.

Ebensburg, Jan. 10, 1873. [17-3t.]

School Teacher Wanted.

A COMPETENT TEACHER, Male or Female, to take charge of one of the Schools of Munster township for the coming months and eleven days (unexpired term), at a salary of $35 per month, is wanted immediately.

GEO. M'CULLOUGH, President.
A. D. CRISTE, Secretary. [Jan.17, 3t.]

Executors' Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters Testamentary on the Estate of Peter Kerrigan, late of Allegheny township, Camb. in county, said county to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

FRANCIS A. STORM, }
CHAS. M'MANAMY, } Executors.

Allegheny Twp., Jan. 17, 1873.-6t.

LORETTO MARBLE WORKS.

PRICES REDUCED!

And Work Warranted!

MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS, made of the finest Italian Marble and in style of workmanship not surpassed by any manufacturer. Give us a call before deciding upon purchasing or ordering work elsewhere. PARKE & LEVERGOOD.

Loretto, Jan. 17, 1873.-tf.

"The Christian Graces." | **FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.**

"And now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity; these three, but the greatest of these is Charity."

Nothing has appeared in religious art for a long time so pure, and tender, and beautiful, as this new picture. The grouping of the figures is grace itself; and the countenances of such heavenly sweetness, that it seems as if the artist must have seen them in a vision.

This rare and elegant 45 line and steel plate steel engraving is SENT FREE to every subscriber to "ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE for 1873." Price of Magazine, $2.50 a year. Sample numbers, 15 cents.

LOCAL CANVASSING AGENTS wanted everywhere. Large commissions and territory guaranteed. Send for Agent's Confidential Circular. You can hardly show the "CHRISTIAN GRACES" to any person of ta-te or religious feeling without getting a subscriber. Address T. S. ARTHUR & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. 17-1.

IRON AND TIMBER LANDS FOR SALE.

I herewith offer for sale two of the best and most valuable Iron Properties in the State of Tennessee. One tract about 5 miles below Fort Donelson, containing

10,000 ACRES,

known as the "*Iron Mountain Furnace Lands*," with abundance of rich Ore, Wood and Limestone, and within ¾ to ½ mile of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, also including about 20 *Small Farms*.

The other Tract fronts a mile on the Tennessee river, near Fort Henry, including

8,000 ACRES,

part of which is rich river bottom, the balance covered with the best kind of timber, such as White and Black Oak, Poplar, Hickory, Maple, Ash, &c., &c.; underlaid with the best of Ore. Both tracts are in Stewart county.

ALSO,

Two valuable Tracts of Timber Land in Houston county, one of 1,870 acres, within half a mile of the Louisville and Memphis R. R., and 1½ miles east of the County Seat. One other tract half a mile west of the County Seat, with the Railroad passing through one corner, containing 160 acres. Both of these tracts have a large amount of White Oak and Yellow Poplar Timber, and well adapted for farming.

ALSO,

several Farms in Dickson county, on the Nashville and North-Western R. R.

Any of the above Properties are as represented, with good Titles to each. Any of the above lands can be bought at one-half their value and other good property will be taken as part pay, if desired. For full description call on or address

C. BERINGER,

DEALER IN REAL ESTATE,

116 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

1873. THE AGE. 1873.

A Leading Daily and Weekly Journal.

The Firm Advocate of Democratic Principles.

No Expenditure and Energy Spared to Maintain it in the First Rank of Journalism.

For the past ten years THE AGE has been the firm and earnest defender of the great principles enunciated by the founders of the Republic and incorporators of its institutions. Seeking no alliance with cliques or "Rings," it has been subject to no corrupt influence, but has always labored without fear or favor for the general good. It has, therefore, been the persistent and vigilant advocate of all reforms, general as well as municipal.

Receiving no aid from official patronage, THE AGE relies on the subscriptions and support of Democrats, and of fair and intelligent citizens who desire to see men and measures freely canvassed, knowing that free and fearless discussion by the press is now the best defence of all private rights and public interests.

In the varying fortunes of parties, the intelligent and patriotic will rally to sustain free, pure civil government, for the people and by the people, to oppose corruption and usurpation, and to preserve and purify the American institutions that made our country the "Model Republic" of the world. Its administration, in the spirit in which it was formed, can only be conducted on what we claim as true Democratic principles, for which THE AGE will still contend with an abiding faith in their ultimate triumph.

THE DAILY AGE contains: The latest intelligence from all parts of the world; Articles on Government, Politics, Trade, Finance and all the current questions of the day; Local Intelligence, Market Reports, Prices Current, Stock Quotations, Marine and Commercial Intelligence; Reports of Public Gatherings; Foreign and Domestic Correspondence, Legal Reports and Book Notices; Theatrical Criticisms, Reviews of Literature, Art and Music; Articles of Agricultural Matters and Discussions of all subjects of General Interest and Importance; Special Telegrams and all the Dispatches of the Associated Press, from every part of the world; THE AGE is the only Democratic morning paper in Philadelphia in the English language, and is therefore one of the best mediums for Advertising.

THE WEEKLY AGE is a newspaper for those outside of the great cities who are without regular daily mail facilities, but desire to be kept informed of what is transpiring around them, combining home duties with domestic instruction and recreation.

Its columns are devoted to; Stories, original and selected by the best authors; Poetic Gems, from every available source; Choice Miscellany, Scientific, Amusing, and Instructive; a column of Sunday reading and Religious Intelligence; an Agricultural department conducted by a practical Agriculturist, Mr. Thos. J. Edge, now carning a living upon a rented farm in Chester county; in which all questions are considered which have an interest for the tillers of soil; Weekly Contributions for the children; Editorial Brevities, and a carefully prepared compendium of Foreign and Domestic News; Washington, New York and Miscellaneous Correspondence; Financial and Commercial Statistics; Full Markets; Select Advertisements, to which a very limited space is appropriated, &c., &c.

With all these advantages the WEEKLY AGE is acknowledged to be the best Family Journal printed in Philadelphia.

TERMS OF THE DAILY AGE: One year, by mail, $8.00; Six months, $4.25; Three months $2.25; For any period less than three months, at the rate of one dollar per month. Payment required invariably in advance.

TERMS OF THE WEEKLY AGE: One copy, one year, $1.50; Ten copies, $12.50; Twenty copies, $22.00; The following reduced rates will be charged when *all the papers* ordered are sent to *one person* and not addressed severally to the members of the club: Twenty copies, $20.00; Fifty copies, $30.00; One copy will be furnished gratis for getting up a club of twenty or more for one year. We have no traveling agents authorized to receipt for us. Specimen copies sent free on application. Address Robb & Biddle, Nos. 11 and 16 South Seventh street, Philadelphia.

Trial List.

LIST OF CAUSES set down for trial at an Adjourned Court to be held in Ebensburg, commencing on Monday, February 10th, 1873:

Gates	vs. Wolf & Welshons.
Flynn Patterson et al	vs. Krise et al.
Rodelheim & Affeldt	vs. Platt.
Millikens	vs. Bowers et al.
Bowers	vs. Harter.
Hanks	vs. McAleer.
Jones	vs. Powell.
M'Canee	vs. M'Mullin.
Commonwealth	vs. DeVecks.
Emerson	vs. Fronheiser.
Fronheiser	vs. Emerson.
Krise	vs. Neason.
Sprout & Fry	vs. Wagner.
Krise	vs. Hips & Lloyd.
Smith	vs. Wilson.
Tierney & Null	vs. Reich.
Devlin	vs. Doyle.
Spencer, McKay & Co.	vs. Doyle.
Tierney & Null	vs. Maloney.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Jan. 2, 1873.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that Letters Testamentary on the estate of Geo. Weakland, late of Carrolltown, Cambria county, deceased, have been granted by the Register to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN BUCK, }
AUG. WALTERS, } Executors.

Carrolltown, Jan. 10, 1873.-6t.

Stray Heifer.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, in Clearfield township, on the 28th day of December last, a two year old HEIFER with brindle sides and white and brindle face. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away; otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

JOHN KRATZER.

Clearfield Twp., Jan. 10, 1873.-3t.,

Strayed or Stolen.

ON or about the 1st day of November last, a RED STEER, one a half years old, without marks, either strayed away or was stolen from the premises of the subscriber in Carroll township. Any information that will lead to the recovery of said Steer, and, if stolen, to the conviction of the thief, will be liberally rewarded by

S. A. SHOEMAKER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—A reliable and intelligent man of good address, to engage in a desirable and lucrative business producing from $1,500 to $5,000 per year. Address J. R. FORD & CO., N. York: Boston; Chicago; or San Francisco.

TO BOOK CANVASSERS.

A NEW WAY of running a book. Can sell thousands per week. Address MURRAY HILL PUBLISHING CO., 129 East 28th-st., New York City.

WANTED. IF YOU WISH TO BUY A SEWING MACHINE for family use, or act as agent, address WASHINGTON SEWING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED For *best* selling *Pictures, Maps* and *Charts*. Also, for our *Sewing Silk* and *Linen Thread*. $5 to $200 cleared per month by good, active Agents. Apply at once to D. L. GUERNSEY, Concord, N. H.

Warren Range First Premium Am. Inst. 1871

Double Elevated Oven, Warming Closet, Broiling Door Fender Guard Burnisher & Shaking Grate, Direct Draft. FULLER, WARREN & Co., 136 Watter Street, N. Y.

Self feeder CASE Stewart Burner

Improved, Unrivaled & Unequaled.

Burns any size Coal.

FULLER, ARREN & CO., 236 Water St., New York.

MONEY Easily made with our Stencil and Key-Check Outfit. Circulars Free. Stafford M'f'g Co., 66 Fulton St., N. Y.

TO THE WORKING CLASS, male or female. $60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instructions and valuable package of goods to start with sent free by mail.—Address, with 6 cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 16 Courtlandt-st., New York.

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS

An Elegantly Bound Canvassing Book for the best and cheapest Family Bible ever published, will be sent free of charge to any book agent. It contains nearly 500 fine Scripture illustrations, and agents are meeting with unprecedented success. Address, stating experience, etc., and we will show you what our agents are doing. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila., Pa.

THE SABBATHS OF OUR LORD,

By BISHOP STEVENS,

is an *entirely new* work on an absorbing topic, written in the author's *most powerful style*. It presents the subject in *novel and beautiful lights*. *Can not fail* to awaken a deep interest and be productive of *great good*. Agents wanted, to whom liberal commission will be allowed. Address J. M. STODDART & CO., Publ'rs, Phila., Pa.

DON'T

Be deceived, but for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness and bronchial difficulties, use only

WELLS' CARBOLIC TABLETS,

Worthless Imitations are on the market, but the only scientific preparation of Carbolic Acid for Lung diseases is when chemically combined with other well known remedies, as in these TABLETS, and all parties are cautioned against using any other.

In all cases of irritation of the mucous membrane these TABLETS should be freely used—their cleansing and healing properties are astonishing.

Be warned. *Never neglect a cold.* It is easily cured in its incipient state. When it becomes chronic the cure is exceedingly difficult. Use Wells' Carbolic Tablets as a specific.

JOHN Q. KELLOGG, 18 Platt St., New York, Sole Agent for United States.

Price 25 cents a box. Send for Circular.

Agents! It Sells Quick among all classes. Old people, the middle-aged, those who are just entering life, and youth of both sexes buy and read with the greatest profit.

MY JOLLY FRIEND'S SECRET,

DIO LEWIS' last and best book.

It is meeting with the greatest success, and there's MONEY IN IT.

Send for our circulars, etc., which are sent free. GEO. MACLEAN, Phila'a.

Crumbs of Comfort.

The Ladies' Friend. Ask your grocer for it.

BARTLETT'S BLACKING

always gives satisfaction. Try it.

PEARL BLUE

for the launery has no equal. SOLD BY GROCERS. H. A. BARTLETT & CO., 115 and 115 N. Front-st., Phila., 143 Chambers-st., N. York, 43 Byoad-st., Boston.

Abdominal Supporter and Pile Pipe—Relief and Cure for Rupture, Female Weaknesses, and Piles—indestructible, light, safe, cleanly, (steel springs coated,) never rusts, breaks, limbers nor sits, affording comfort, safety, cleanliness and durability. Universally approved by the Medical Profession, and all who wear them, as the best and most satisfactory appliances known. Sent by mail or express. Establishments, 1347 Chestnut-st., Philad'a, and 737 Broadway, New-York. Careful and correct adjustment. Experienced lady in attendance.

is unequaled by any known purifier. It will eradicate, extirpate and thoroughly destroy all poisonous substances in the Blood and will effectually dispel all predisposition to bilious derangement.

Is there want of action in your Liver and Spleen? Unless relieved at once, the blood becomes impure by deleterious secretions, producing scrofulous or skin diseases, Blotches, Felons, Pustules, Canker, Pimples, &c.

Have you a Dyspeptic Stomach? Unless digestion is promptly aided the system is debilitated with loss of vital force, poverty of the Blood, Dropsical Tendency, General Weakness or Lassitude.

It will impart youthful vigor to wears sufferers.

Have you weakness of the Intestines? You are in danger of Chronic Diarrhœa or the dreadful Inflammation of the Bowels.

Have you weakness of the Uterine or Urinary Organs? You must procure instant relief or you are liable to suffering worse than death.

Are you deserted, drowsy, dull, sluggish or depressed in spirits, with head ache, back ache, coated tongue and bad tasting mouth?

For a certain remedy for all of these diseases, weaknesses and troubles, for cleansing and purifying the vitiated blood and imparting vigor to all the forces; for building up and restoring the weakened constitution, USE

JUROBEBA,

which is pronounced by the leading medical authorities of London and Paris "the most powerful tonic and alterative known to the medical world." This is no new and untried discovery, but has been long used by the leading physicians of other countries with *wonderful* remedial results.

Don't weaken and impair the digestive organs by cathartics and physics. They give only temporary relief. Indigestion, flatulency and dyspepsia, with piles and kindred diseases, are sure to follow

Two Strings to Your Bow.

I am always sorry for a man that knows how to do but one thing. I have seen many such men. I gave ten dollars to one who could speak and write five or six languages, translate beautifully; but in the middle of a hard winter he could not get a living. I remember another man who had preached twenty-five years till his throat failed him, and he used to go round looking very blue and sad, until people pitied him and made little donation parties for him, because he was good for nothing except to preach. I knew a lady once that had taught school for twenty years, till she was a poor, nervous, broken down woman, and really didn't know how to make a dress for herself. I know a man that wants to keep store, and he sits with his thumb in his mouth waiting for a store to come to him to be kept. I heard of a minister who, when his people gave him a horse and buggy, had to wait for the deacon's wife to come over and show him how to harness—for he didn't know the bit from the crupper. Now, boys and girls every real man should know how to do one thing right well; and he ought to know how to do several things tolerably well. Every wise farmer has a principal crop; but he always puts in a little something else, so that, if his main crop fails, he will have something to live on. Don't carry all your eggs in one basket. Don't carry all your money in one pocket. If you want to get along right well, learn one sort of work to get a living by, and all sort of work to get along with when your one sort gives out.

At West Point, where they take boys and teach them to be perfect soldiers, they have to learn, among other things, to cook and make bread, and make their own beds, and do their own sewing, and sweep, and dust; because you know, a sailor or a soldier never knows where his duty may call him, and the man who knows how to do the most things is the best sailor, the best soldier—that is to say, the most of a man. I never saw a woman do a man's work handily, but I liked her all the better for it.—And I never saw a man do a woman's work neatly; but I thought the more of him—for you see that work is something that needs to be done; and he who knows how to do most will have the best chance to make money, or, which is better still, make himself feel like a useful man. For, you see, if a man feels that he is of no use in the world except to be a bug in a crack, and if the crack widens be scared and drop, or if the crack closes be pinched, he is always anxious about that crack for fear that something is going to happen, and that he will be out in the cold or else jammed. Such a man can never be happy, because he can never feel that he amounts to much. But if a man feels that, if he cannot make shoes, he can curry horses, lay side-walk, rake stones out of the road, or spade in the garden, or take care of sick folks, or scour old coats, he is always sure he can do something. That man will never feel scared.

So, then, what do you say, boys? Suppose hereafter you do as the cadets do at West Point—make your own beds every morning till you can do it better than your own mother can. And girls, do you learn to harness a horse till you can do it as quickly as your brother. And boys, learn how to make bread; and girls, learn how to sharpen a knife and whittle, and drive nails without splitting the board; and boys, learn how to hem towels, run stocking heels, and patch your own trowsers; and girls, learn how to grease boots and wagon wheels, to lay shingles, and ease the doors when they stick. Keep your eyes and ears wide open. Learn to do all sorts of work. And, my word for it, you will grow hearty and plump, handsome and happy.

THE STRENGTH OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.—The almost superhuman strength and courage of women under circumstances of great peril, or when the maternal instinct is aroused to the utmost for the preservation of their offspring, has been recently exemplified in a most extraordinary manner at Segano, a small village south of Milan. A child of four years playing near an old well but carelessly covered over went too near the insecure edge, and, before an elder sister could reach her, was precipitated to the bottom. The frightened child ran screaming to her mother with the fearful news. The latter, a workwoman in the factory, stood for a moment as if paralyzed, when, as if realizing the full danger of her little one, instantaneously flew across the court, and with her eyes fixed upon the water below, pallid, mute, teeth hard set together, she thought only of rescuing her child, and clutching the old coping of the well, let herself down from stone to stone until she reached the water, where an inner row of stones gave her a footing. The little one had caught by its clothing to this jagged wall, and the brave woman, reaching far over, firmly grasped the child, and lifting it free, held it safe above water with one hand, while with the other she steadied herself against the damp slippery wall.

In the meantime the alarm had been given, and the workmen who had come to the rescue let down ropes to which the woman was to attach herself and child.—But ... impossible to accomplish ... of the child. The poor ... not again bear the terror of ... her baby for an instant, and with a looked of baffled, hopeless despair thrown upon those who waited breathlessly for the result, was about to resign herself to her awful fate, when a sudden grasping of the rope below gave renewed courage to the spectators. The undaunted woman had made another effort for life, and successfully. Slowly lifting the child to her mouth she had taken in her teeth a portion of the dress, and safely held it, until she made fast the rope to each. This communicated to the people above, a shout went up, as one more fearless than the rest, at the risk of his own life, went down to the rescue of mother and child, which he accomplished by intrepid coolness and undaunted courage, amid the hearty braves of the men, and the half-frenzied, hysterical shrieks of the women.—Chicago Tribune.

A LITTLE TOO EARLY.—In old militia times, Goffstown, Goldsborough county, N. H., was the rendezvous where the military of the surrounding country assembled annually for drill. It was an occasion that drew together young and ... many miles ... came to all who ever dwelt in the central or southern portion of the State. Very early in the day of one of those eventful days, an aged couple, living some miles away, started on foot to the parade ground. To shorten the distance, they took a short cut through the old burial ground at Goffstown Centre, from which they emerged as Sam W—— was passing along the highway. Sam was bound for the "muster," and had taken an early start, so as to lose none of the fun. Arriving at the graveyard, Sam looked toward it, and saw the old people coming over the stile. In the early dawn he could distinguish just enough to see that they were very old, and concluded at once that they were inhabitants of the silent tomb, awakened by the unusual stir. So, waving them back with both hands, he shouted: "Go back, old man! go back! This isn't the general resurrection! It's only the Goffstown muster!"

IT don't take a smart man to make a fool.

THE
NEW DISCOVERY
In Chemical and Medical Science.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure **Incipient Consumption.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure **Catarrh.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure **Asthma.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure **Heart Disease.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure **Skin Diseases.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Regulate the **Liver.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Regulate the **Stomach** and **Bowels**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure all **Female Weaknesses.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Purify the **Blood.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure **Diseases of the Throat.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure **Bronchitis.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure "**Rose Cold,**" or "**Hay Fever**"
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure **Lung Diseases.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure **Constipation.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure **Salt Rheum.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure **Kidney Diseases.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Prevent **Cholera & Yellow Fever**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Prevent **Malarious Fevers.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Remove **Pain in the Breast.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Remove **Pain** in the **Side** or **Back.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Are a **Superior Tonic.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Restore the **Appetite.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cause the **Food to Digest.**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Restore the **Weak** and **Debilitated**
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Give **Tone to Your System.**

L. F. HYDE & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
195 Seventh Ave., New York.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY!
SAMPLE STREET,
Near Union School House, Ebensburg.

THE subscriber desires to call the attention of the citizens of Cambria and adjoining counties to the fact that he has now in successful operation in Ebensburg a Shop for the manufacture and repair of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES,
Spring Wagons, Sleighs,
And all other description of Work in that line.

Employing none but skillful workmen and using only the best materials, I feel confident I can give entire satisfaction in work, styles and prices.

Platform work done at short notice. Repairing of all kind attended to at reasonable rates.

A Blacksmith Shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimens of work.
June 22, 1872.-tf. D. M. CHUTE.

R. R. Davis & Co.
HIGH STREET,
Three Doors West of Centre Street
DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Boots and Shoes,
FLOUR, FEED, BACON, FISH,
Coffee, Tea, Syrups and Molasses.
ALL WHICH THEY PROMISE TO SELL AS CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.
Country Produce taken for GOODS.

DENTISTRY!
AT REDUCED RATES!

DR. L. D. HOFFMAN, graduate of Dental Surgery, respectfully informs the public that he has permanently located in EBENSBURG, where he may be found every day of the week.

DR. HOFFMAN, after having had ample practice for the space of seven years, does not hesitate in affirming that he can give perfect satisfaction in every case relating to the profession. All branches of Mechanical and Surgical Dentistry carefully and scientifically performed. Particular attention given to filling decayed teeth. Also, teeth extracted without pain. For further information concerning prices, etc., call at his office on High street, opposite the Cambria House, where may be examined samples of his work, *which need only be seen to be appreciated.* [may 25.-tf.]

EBENSBURG
WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our woolen factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.

T. M. JONES & SONS.
Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.
Sept 20.tf. GEO. C. K. ZAHM Cashier.

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

OATMAN & BUCK,
Physicians and Surgeons.
CARROLLTOWN, PA

Office in rear of John Buck's Store. Night calls may be made either at the residence of Dr. Oatman or at John Buck's residence.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specility. [may 4.'71.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!

FRANK W. HAY
Manufacturer,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet-Iron WARES,
AND DEALER IN
HEATING PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

THE WORLD CHALLENGED
TO PRODUCE ITS EQUAL!

TAYLOR & CO., of Altoona, are fast gaining an enviable reputation as philanthropists by introducing among the ladies the
AMERICAN CHAMPION WASHER!
the only Washing Machine in the market that will do its work perfectly on all kinds of clothing without the aid of a rubbing board.

It washes without rubbing, rolling or pressing the clothes in any way, and hence without any wearing of the fabric.

It will wash anything, from the finest lace to the heaviest bed-quilt.

It will do the same work in a shorter time and with less labor than any other Machine made.

Any person desiring a Washing Machine can have a Champion Washer taken to their residence and tested, when, if not satisfactory, it will be taken away without cost to them.

CONVINCING TESTIMONY.

MESSRS. TAYLOR & CO.—*Gents:* Your American Champion Washer has been in use at my hotel long enough to convince us that it is all it claims to be. It save two-thirds of the labor and time and does the work as well as it can be done by hand. We would not be without it for double its cost. HENRY FOSTER.
Ebensburg, March 20, '72. Cambria House

☞ Manufactured and sold by TAYLOR & CO. No. 1106 Twelfth Street, Altoona, and for sale by V. LUTTRINGER,
March 23, 1872.-3m. Main St., Ebensburg

REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT,
COOKING STOVES,
HEATING STOVES.
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves
of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance of the liberal patronage heretofore extended, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

FARMERS!
LOOK AT THIS!
The Farmer's Favorite
GRAIN DRILL,
STONER'S
Fanning MILL,
AND THE
KEYSTONE CIDER MILL!
FOR SALE BY
L. & S. W. DAVIS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

JOHN H. MURRAY..... JOS. M. DUNN.
Murray & Dunn,
PROPRIETORS OF
PHŒNIX FOUNDRY AND STOVE WORKS
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

HAVING purchased the establishment lately known as Enterprise Foundry, we are now prepared to manufacture
LIGHT CASTINGS
of every description.
The Various Styles of Stoves
manufactured at our establishment are in all respects equal to any in the market.
Steam Engines and all kind of Machinery
promptly and satisfactorily repaired.
☞ All our work is warranted to be exactly what it is represented. [Aug. 30.-tf.]

OATMAN & LAKE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Prompt attention given to CLAIMS of all kind in Cambria county, and throughout the United States and Canadas. [Feb. 10.-1y.*]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug. 27.]

R. K. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from One to Twenty Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is
The Only Pain Remedy
that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PALPITATION OF THE HEART,
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, ... TARRH, INFLUENZA,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS,
The application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.
Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.
Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.
FEVER AND AGUE.
FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!
SEVEN DAYS FROM THE BLOOD, INCREASING OF VITAL AND WEIGHT—FLESH BEING THE BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.
DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES: SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGE THAT DAILY AND HOURLY EVIDENCE THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT
Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is Seen and Felt.
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids of the body, with each and every tissue, membrane, muscle, gland, nerve, bone, cartilage, and material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular Diseases, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Groins, and all diseases requiring purifying, cleansing, and strengthening, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors, and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.
Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.
J. WALKER, Prop'r. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, Cal., and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., New York.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

VINEGAR BITTERS

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.
Dyspepsia or Indigestion. Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. In these complaints it has no equal, and one bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.
For Females Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible.
For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.
They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, and in Bilious Diseases.
For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.
Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.
J. WALKER, Prop'r. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, Cal., and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., New York.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

Kidney & Bladder Complaints,
Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinuance of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a prickling, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins. Price, $1.00.
WORMS.—The only known and sure Remedy for *Worms—Pin, Tape, etc.*
Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.
BEVERLY, MASS., July 18, 1869.
DR. RADWAY:—I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bowels. All the Doctors said "there was no help for it." I tried every thing that was recommended; but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it; but had no faith in it, because I had suffered so many years. I took one bottle of the Resolvent, and one box of Radway's Pills, and two bottles of your Ready Relief; and there is not a sign of tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel better, smarter, and happier than I have for twelve years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels, over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose.
HANNAH P. KNAPP.

DR. RADWAY'S
PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS,
perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.
☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above named disorders. Price, 25 cents per box. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
READ "FALSE AND TRUE." Send one letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

F. P. TIERNEY..... JAMES SULL.
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE
—OF—
TIERNEY & NULL,
Colonnade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.

☞ Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18-71.-tf.]

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, opposite Union School House, West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is now prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive due attention. DANIEL McLAUGHLIN.

E. A. SHOEMAKER..... WM. H. SECHLER.
SHOEMAKER & SECHLER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
[9-16.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.]

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
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